The Outlook

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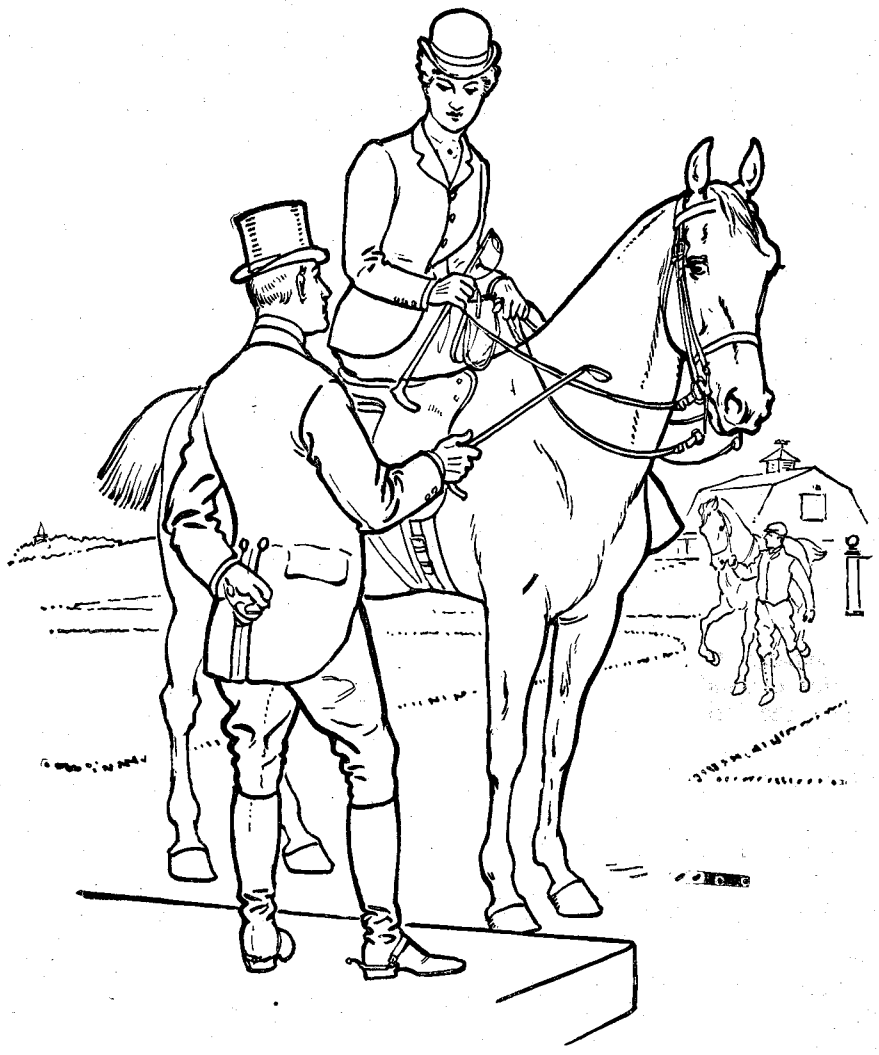

Gall sores and blisters cause the horse much pain. They come from heat and friction under the collar or saddle. The parts should be carefully cleansed with a pure soap that will not smart. Ivory Soap, with warm water, is excellently adapted to this purpose. This soap is peculiarly efficient where it comes in contact with sores, as it is mild and pure. While cleansing thoroughly, it also soothes and heals.

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The Outlook

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Resisting Industrial Arbitration

Apart from the settlement of the seven months' strike at Waterbury, Connecticut, the labor news of last week centered in contests over arbitration. Even the Waterbury strike was at the beginning largely a contest over the same question. At Waterbury, it will be recalled, the trolley company discharged several union leaders for petty offenses, and the union demanded their reinstatement and the submission of all questions in dispute to arbitration. The company felt strong enough to reject this demand, and soon succeeded in filling the strikers' places, but the struggle was embittered by labor riots, and greatly prolonged by a sympathetic boycott placed upon the trolley company by all the unions in Waterbury. The final settlement last week, which occasioned great rejoicing at Waterbury, was a substantial victory for the company. It merely agreed to re-employ as occasion presented strikers not charged with rioting, to confer with committees representing the employees, but not with committees representing the unions, and to make a few minor concessions. Nothing the men struck for was granted. Nevertheless, the prolonged conflict cost the company not only far more than it could have lost through arbitration, but far more than the entire wages of the men during the whole struggle. Had it not been for the rejection of arbitration, the sympathetic boycott could hardly have been instituted, and certainly could not have been so successful as to cause the Waterbury "American" to remark that the company could supply trolleys to the people but could not make them ride. In the other conspicuous contests over arbitration—those in the building trades—it appears to be the unions that are rejecting arbitration. In the statements recently issued by the employers' associations in Boston and in Omaha it is charged that the men flatly refuse to arbitrate certain questions at issue. The conflict in Boston—between the Master Masons' Association and the Bricklayers' Union—is particularly disappointing, because for twelve years in Boston all strikes and lockouts in this trade have been avoided by yearly trade agreements which submitted all matters of material concern to a joint committee on which employers and employed were equally represented. This year the Bricklayers' Union refused to renew the trade agreement, thinking that it could force better wages by a strike. It may possibly do so for a season, but by substituting the method of combat for the method of conciliation it has aroused a new spirit of combat in the employers' association which threatens retaliatory exhibitions of power when harder times set in. In Omaha the unions express a readiness to arbitrate most questions, but not the question whether they will work alongside of non-union men. The utmost concession their representatives will make on this point is that the employers may hire men not now in the union, but the latter must join the unions and act with their fellow-workmen. Otherwise, it is claimed, employees will be divided, while employers, whether partners in a firm or stockholders in a corporation, always stand together and require dissenting partners or stockholders to act with the majority. In New York City the prolonged contest over the acceptance of the new arbitration plan shows no sign of settlement.

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Wisconsin Bankers Against Asset Currency

A surprising opposition to an increase of banking privileges has developed among Western bankers. The asset currency scheme, it will be recalled, pro-

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poses to allow banks to issue notes—unsecured by the Government—to be used as currency. The present National bank notes are not, indeed, directly secured by the Government, but the banks issuing them must deposit in the National treasury Government bonds to their full value, to be used to redeem the notes if the bank fails. Thus the Government really stands behind each note, and the Government gets some advantage from the issue because the banks are willing to buy Government bonds bearing only two per cent. interest in order to secure the privilege of issuing notes. But the asset currency scheme proposes to give them the privilege of issuing notes without buying Government bonds—the notes to be secured only by the assets of the bank. This plan would restore to the banks the currency privileges they enjoyed in many States under the old State banking laws prior to the enactment of the National banking law during the Civil War and the privileges they enjoyed in England prior to the passage of the Bank Act in 1844. It was expected that the general public would oppose this form of currency, on the ground that the issue of currency is a Government function, and that the Government ought to guarantee the quality of every dollar issued—and reap the profit if its guarantee made paper as acceptable as gold. But it was thought that the banks would unitedly indorse a plan promoting their own immediate interests and power. From the first, however, the banking associations have been reluctant about indorsing the plan, and last week the Wisconsin Bankers' Association took a decided stand against it.

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The Grounds of Opposition

This action was the more remarkable because the Association had been addressed by Congressman Fowler, of New Jersey, the author of the Asset Currency Bill indorsed by the Republican members of the House Committee on Banking and Currency, and by ex-Comptroller Eckels, an ardent advocate of the control of the currency by the banks. But the Wisconsin bankers, after a careful discussion, voted almost unanimously against the plan, on the ground that it threatened a reckless inflation of the currency likely to be followed by a disastrous crash. It was pointed out that our currency supply had already been enormously increased during the past few years (about twenty-five per cent. faster than the population since 1897), and that more than half of our present currency consists of silver and paper. To permit the banks to issue more currency secured only by their assets would, as one banker put it, "drive our gold abroad under the Gresham law, or produce still further inflation of prices, resulting in riotous speculative ventures and consequent deeper depression when the ebb tide sets in." This, it may be recalled, is precisely what took place in England prior to the passage of the Bank Act. To use the language of Gresham's law, the cheaper money issued by the banks drove out the dearer money, gold, and the banks were unable to redeem their notes when the panic came. In regard to the country's need of an elastic currency, the banker we have just quoted—President Frame, of the Waukesha National Bank—uttered these sensible words:

> A National bank has no more right to issue currency, when its credit is strained than have State banks, or a merchant or manufacturer, under like conditions. It never should be done except in emergencies. In any case collateral should be put up as security, and a tax imposed high enough to drive it out of use as soon as its work is done. The interest rate is the check-valve to prevent undue expansion and inspire conservatism, not only in banking, but in all commercial pursuits.

This is a principle which Congress should bear in mind in legislating to provide an elastic currency. The country does not want a currency which will expand in times of high prices, low interest rates, and reckless speculation. It does want a currency which will expand only in times of emergency, when business is embarrassed by falling prices and high interest rates. To secure this the emergency currency should be subject to a Government tax, which will compel its retirement when the emergency has passed.

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Municipal Electric Lighting in Cleveland

The city of Cleveland has undertaken to go further than Chicago and Detroit in the operation of a municipal electric lighting plant. It proposes to supply light and power to private consumers, and not merely to

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light the streets and public buildings. The project formed one of the planks in the platform upon which Mayor Johnson and the Democratic Council were elected in the spring, and one of the first acts of the new administration was the introduction of an ordinance providing for the issue of $200,000 in bonds for the erection of the required plant. The ordinance met with a temporary defeat in the Council because of the opposition of three Democrats, who refused to abide by the party platform upon this issue. A strong majority of the Council, however, favored the experiment—very nearly the necessary two-thirds. The opposition was strengthened by a report made by a special committee of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, which condemned the measure on the ground that municipal electric lighting was neither a proper city function nor a success; that the cost would exceed the estimates; and that the project was in the nature of unfair competition with a private company—the report further adding that ample power exists in the Council, through its ability to control rates and charges, to accomplish any results which might accrue through a municipal plant. The most striking feature of the committee's report was a comparison between the cost of street lighting in Cleveland and Detroit; it claimed that in the Michigan city the cost was the higher if proper allowance were made for interest, taxes, and depreciation. This comparison was in flat contradiction of the report given by President Ingram, of the Detroit Electric Lighting Commission, to the recent New York Convention on Municipal Ownership, and has naturally drawn forth a reply from Superintendent Bemis, of the Cleveland Water Department, showing that President Ingram's figures included the items of interest, taxes, and depreciation, and stating that the allowance for depreciation had been more than sufficient to keep the Detroit plant "up to date." Superintendent Bemis further reported that Detroit lighted her school buildings for nearly forty per cent. less than Cleveland was charged, and declared that the Cleveland rates were so high—except to large firms which received secret rates—that the business community generally welcomed the proposed city competition. Last week Mayor Johnson attended the meeting of the Cleveland Council and proposed that, as the opposition to the electric lighting ordinance was avowedly based upon the opposition of the public, the matter should be submitted to the voters at a special election. After some opposition, this method of settling the problem was accepted, and the special election is to be held September 8. At this election a two-thirds majority of the voters must favor the experiment or it cannot be tried.

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The Democratic Campaign in Ohio

Ohio is almost the only State politically interesting that holds an election this fall, but the campaign there bids fair to be more interesting than any since 1900. Mayor Johnson, of Cleveland, became last year the leader of the Democratic party, and to retain his leadership it appears necessary for him to take the Democratic nomination for Governor. Otherwise a conservative nominee seems inevitable, and with it the transfer of party management into the hands of the "reorganizers." Mayor Johnson therefore has expressed his willingness to be the candidate, and his candidacy, as has been shown in Cleveland, means a campaign pushed with almost unlimited money and altogether unlimited energy. There is practically no chance of his election, as the Republican majority last year was ninety thousand; but a Republican correspondent writes to us that Mayor Johnson might secure a Democratic majority in the Legislature and defeat the re-election of Senator Hanna. Even last year Cleveland went Democratic, while this year Toledo may do the same through a fusion with the Jones independents, and in nearly all the cities except Cincinnati there is a strong revolt against the abridgment of home rule under the new Republican municipal code. In addition to these factors, which may make several doubtful counties Democratic, there is the sentiment, not confined at all to Democratic ranks, that Mayor Johnson has done a public service in insisting that the franchise values of railroads shall be taxed at the same rate as farms and homes. Over against these advantages for the Democrats, however, the Republicans count upon the continued prosperity, the great popularity of the President, and the civil war going on within the Democratic

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organization. Mayor Johnson, it will be recalled, was not a silver man, but warmly supported Mr. Bryan because he sympathized with the latter's attitude toward the power of concentrated wealth. Last year, under his leadership, the Ohio Democratic Convention indorsed the Kansas City platform, and this year it promises to do the same. Last week, at a great Democratic rally at Urbana, Mr. Bryan, who has entered the conflict for Mr. Johnson, vehemently attacked the conservative reorganizers, and declared that their leader, Mr. Cleveland, in getting the votes of the Democratic masses upon a platform demanding "the coinage of both metals without discrimination," and later using his power and patronage to stop all coinage of silver, had played the part of a "buncosteerer" in the interests of Wall Street. Yet this ill-tempered attack, which in the East injures Mr. Bryan only, was received at Urbana with a perfect storm of cheers. But even in Ohio there are a great number of Cleveland Democrats, and the factional fight, in the cities at least, promises to reduce the Democratic vote.

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General Miles's Retirement

The retirement of Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles as Commanding General of the United States Army occurred on Saturday last. The very indiscreet utterances which General Miles has made more than once in recent years have unfortunately obliterated in the minds of the American people to a very considerable extent the valuable services which he has rendered to his country. At twenty-two years of age he enlisted as a captain of the volunteer forces for the Civil War. He had not previously had military training, but from the beginning of his war experience he showed not only bravery but also aptitude for military life. As a result he rose with great rapidity from one rank to another. After an experience which included all the battles of the Peninsular campaign before Richmond, the battle of Antietam, and every subsequent battle of the Army of the Potomac except one, because of his courage and brilliance in action he had at the end of the war attained to the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He thereupon entered the regular army as colonel. His subsequent career as an Indian fighter was as brilliant as his career in the Civil War. The Kiowas, the Cheyennes, the Comanches, the Sioux, and the Apaches in succession were subdued by forces under his command. In 1894 General Miles succeeded to the command of the army. Upon his retirement on Saturday General Miles issued an address of farewell to the army. This address, dignified throughout and elevated in tone, contains one passage of special pertinence to the unprecedented duties laid upon the army as pioneers of law and order in the recently acquired possessions of the United States:

> Since its organization the army has been charged with a great variety of responsibilities, all subordinate to defending the country and maintaining the rights of its citizens. . . . Always to maintain truth, honor, and justice requires the highest moral courage, and is equally as important as fortitude in battle. Drill, discipline, and instruction are but preparatory for the perfection and efficiency of an army. The events of recent years have placed upon the army a new obligation and an opportunity for a broader exemplification of its country's principles. The United States army is now brought into daily communication with millions of people to whom its individual members of every grade are the exponents of American civilization. A serious duty and a great honor are now presented to every officer and soldier—namely, to exemplify to those with whom he comes in contact our country's principles of equal and exact justice, immunity from violence, equality before the law, and the peaceful use and possession of his own.

General S. B. M. Young, who succeeds General Miles as Commanding General of the Army, and will hold the office for just one week, is a man who, though entering the army, like General Miles, from civil life, has had, like him, wide military experience, in which he has shown great efficiency. On Saturday of this week the anomalous office of Commanding General of the United States Army without power to command will lapse. General Young will therefore be the last holder of a title which has been held by Washington, Grant, and Sherman. On Saturday of this week General Young will become the first Chief of Staff under the new Army Law.

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Our New Navy

The recent voyage of the battle-ship Kearsarge from Portsmouth, England, to Bar Harbor, Maine, was a remarkably successful test of

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speed and economical coal consumption. The average speed was 13.1 knots per hour. The official report shows that the voyage was made under adverse conditions, a strong head wind prevailing except for two days, and the ship being compelled at times to go slower on account of fogs and icebergs. Captain Hemphill says that if the voyage had been eastward with wind, sea, and current, the average speed would have been 14 knots per hour. The voyage has given much satisfaction to the naval authorities. If the Oregon's great journey during the Spanish War was one of the most striking performances of our new navy, the more modest voyage of the Kearsarge is hardly less significant. In the naval maneuvers last week the Kearsarge was the ship of the commanding admiral of the squadron which defended the country against the squadron of attack. The campaign began with the departure of the attacking fleet from Frenchman's Bay, Maine, to make its preparations for the operations against the New England coast; the squadron was under the command of Rear-Admiral Sands, whose fleet consisted of three battle-ships and three torpedo-boat destroyers. Two days later the defending fleet, under Rear-Admiral Barker, put out to sea and began the search. The duty of Admiral Sands was, if possible, to make a landing and establish a foothold. If he could have remained in any port five hours without being discovered, he would have won the victory. Admiral Sands had steamed about five hundred miles out, and then, returning, made straight for Winter Harbor, just inside Frenchman's Bay. The Olympia, one of the shore force scouts, however, succeeded in sighting the hostile squadron and in sending a wireless message to Admiral Barker, then twenty-five miles or more away, before it could be interrupted by wireless "discords" from the Texas, the flagship of the "enemy's" forces. The use of wireless telegraphy is thus once more impressively demonstrated. All the communications between the ships were accomplished without the aid of land stations. The international position which America has now justly attained as a world-power is evidenced by the popular interest in these naval maneuvers, and in the war games between the army and the navy which are shortly to occur.

The Transformation of the Steerage

The humanizing of human conditions which has been advancing on land is advancing also at sea. The squalor and discomfort of the steerage passenger, not long since depicted by a contributor to The Outlook, have given place, on some ships at least, to arrangements for privacy, decency, health, and happiness that mark a distinct advance in regard for the welfare of the poor emigrant. The advent of the piano to the steerage, or third cabin, as some now call it, is a sign that a new era has begun for the class of passengers who used to be packed like cattle into stuffy pens between decks, and might be seen squatting on the ship's hatches eating coarse rations from a tin dish. For instance, in the third cabin of the new Cunard steamer Carpathia a recent observer came upon a group of musicians accompanying the piano with the violin and with song. Near this was a comfortable sitting-room for women, and a similar room for men occupying themselves with games and pipes. The dining-room, extending the whole width of the ship, was fitted, like those of higher class, with revolving chairs, and exhibited its daily printed bill of fare, four meals a day of varied and substantial food. Here also, as in upper-class saloons, the ship's daily run was bulletined. Equal improvement appeared in the sleeping-rooms, patterned after those of higher grade, some with two berths, others with four, for married people and families, each room with its separate conveniences of water and light. Ventiducts supplied fresh air as liberally as to any part of the ship; bath-rooms were ready for use; as to deck room, there was enough of it for exercise, and deck benches for seats. In short, the third-cabin passenger is at least as well cared for on such a vessel as was the second-cabin passenger at no remote date; while the second cabin, in its turn, is distinctly better than was the first cabin not twenty years ago. The supplanting of unwholesome city slums with model tenements finds a fit complement in the transformation of the repulsive steerage into the sanitary and comfortable third cabin. Much remains to be done, however, taking the steamship lines as a whole, in this needed reform.

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New Movements in Southern Education

At the Summer School of the South, held every year at Knoxville, Tennessee, the daily attendance this season averaged more than seventeen hundred. All the Southern States were represented, though nearly two-thirds of the teachers naturally came from Tennessee. The libraries, shops, laboratories, and classrooms of the University of Tennessee were at the service of the School, and the faculty of the University were all at work helping to make the School a success. Unfortunately, relatively few of the teachers came from the distinctively agricultural sections, the reason being, of course, that where teachers average but little more than one hundred dollars a year they cannot afford to pay out fifty at a six weeks' school. The teachers present, however, showed an interest in nature studies which was perhaps the most significant feature of the School. A bureau of nature study was established to encourage the study of native plants and animals and also to prevent the destruction of native birds for use in millinery. The interest shown in manual training was hardly less significant. Not only did the classes include drawing, sewing, clay-modeling, wood-carving, and the like, but bookbinding, basket-making, and weaving. The teacher in basket-making showed that good baskets could be made from rushes, sedge-grass, cat-tails, palmetto buds, and even wild honeysuckle. Rug-weaving was taught by the use of inexpensive little looms. The two things kept constantly in mind in this work were that the material for the use of each pupil should be so selected and cared for as not to cost more than five cents a term, and that in every instance the pupil must be taught to apply his knowledge of manual training to raising the standard of comfort in his own life. Tennessee has been redistricted for school purposes, the counties instead of smaller districts being made the centers of administration. By this means many neighborhood schools have been closed and central schools have been substituted with longer sessions and better equipment. It was considered indicative of the attitude of the New South toward women that five Tennessee counties now have women superintendents. In North Carolina also the campaign for education which Governor Aycock and Superintendent Joiner are carrying on is being aided by the women of the State, who have been organized into an association for the betterment of schools, and are helping with the school building. Last year over three hundred new schoolhouses were built. Here, as in Tennessee, the tendency is to consolidate little schools, more than seven per cent. of the whole number of white school districts having been done away with in the past year in order that better schooling might be provided with the least possible increase in the expense.

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The Career of Charles M. Schwab

Last week the persistently repeated and denied rumors that President Schwab, of the United States Steel Corporation, was about to be relieved from his duties proved true. According to all the official reports, and to Mr. Schwab's own statement, his shattered health was the only cause of this action. His conduct of the wrecked ship-building combination had nothing to do with it. His exploit at Monte Carlo had nothing to do with it. It was purely a case of shattered nerves. That Mr. Schwab's nerves were overstrained was the one part of the official and ex-official statements which carried conviction. Nothing but overstrained nerves could explain Mr. Schwab's statement that Mr. Morgan had long been "holding on to his coat-tails" to keep him in the presidency. Mr. Schwab is a man of decided ability. Without any advantages of family or money or education, he rose with dazzling rapidity from the post of stage-driver to that of the foremost iron-maker in the world. When little more than thirty he became the President of the Carnegie Company, and until he turned his attention, in Mr. Carnegie's phrase, from the manufacture of iron to the manufacture of securities, his administration gave entire satisfaction—except to the employees whom he drastically forbade to join unions under penalty of instant discharge. At this time in his career Mr. Schwab was an opponent of unions among employers as well as among employees, declaring that they paralyzed invention, improvements, and every other manifestation of industrial vigor. At this time he even objected

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to Masonic orders, because they tended to lessen individual responsibility. When, two years ago, he was raised to the presidency of the greatest industrial combination in the world, he laid aside this part of his creed and became an exponent of the idea that the magic of combination could turn water and wind into gold. It did on the stock market, and the young man of thirty-nine, administering a property more valuable than the entire wealth of whole States, suddenly ranked with emperors in his authority, and became their associate when he made his triumphal tour through Europe. That he should have been intoxicated by his sudden elevation was not to be wondered at, nor self-righteously condemned. But whatever may be said of the nervous tension caused by his high career, his kite was really lowered because a lack of moral ballast was evident to the business men holding the string.

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William E. Dodge William E. Dodge, who died suddenly at Bar Harbor on Monday of this week, was of the third generation of a family of New York merchants whom the possession of great wealth neither enervated in business energy, narrowed in public spirit, nor hardened in spiritual life. He was born in 1832, and since 1864 had been a member of the firm of Phelps, Dodge & Company. His philanthropic and religious activities have been along many lines and never ceasing. He succeeded his father as President of the Evangelical Alliance and of the National Temperance Society; he had since his young manhood been one of the foremost supporters of the Young Men's Christian Association; he had been the Vice-President of the American Sunday-School Union and Chairman of the National Arbitration Committee, and besides had been an active officer in a large number of societies for the promotion of art and the natural sciences. His son Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge and his daughter Miss Grace Dodge have inherited in full measure the moral spirit of the family, and promise to carry forward with undiminished vigor the work of their father. When it is so widely believed on this side of the Atlantic as well as the other that American commercial life is hopelessly sordid and materializing, a career like that of Mr. Dodge maintains the honor of his Nation as well as of his family.

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Phil May To the readers of the London "Punch" the name of Phil May, who died last week, has been very familiar. Since the death of Du Maurier there has been no better-known English illustrator. In the ordinary sense of the word he was not a caricaturist, though his pictures had that element of emphasis on class or char acter traits that is the weapon of the maker of caricatures. Like other English makers of humorous pictures, Phil May had more restraint than most of the illustrators whose work is familiar to the readers of American comic weeklies. His subjects were generally taken from life in the slums of London. He could depict the droll aspect of poverty without altogether depriving it of its picturesque misery. Nothing that he did probably ever left a sting behind it. He was born in England, struggled against starvation, went to Australia, where he got his first experience as a regular contributor to the press, returned to England and became permanently attached to the staff of "Punch." It was through his contributions to that paper that his originality of ideas and nicety of execution gave him international fame. His kindly disposition won him many friends. He was not quite forty years old.

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Mr. Chamberlain's Politics The British House of Commons has passed, by a substantial majority, the Sugar Bill. This bill imposes a duty on sugar imported from abroad whenever the foreign government gives to the producer a bounty on the sugar. Such a duty is "protective," but it only protects the English producer from the effect of special legislation by other governments. It is therefore not inconsistent with free trade. For the principle of free trade is that the interests of the public will be better conserved by leaving trade to the operation of natural law than by intermeddling with natural law by special legislation; and the object of the Sugar Bill is simply to neutralize the effect of special legislation. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary, and a principal advocate of the bill, insists that

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the price of sugar will not be increased, and that the West Indian trade will derive from the measure greater stability. The latter statement is undoubtedly true; the former statement is improbable. How the West Indian trade can be made more profitable unless higher prices are paid for West Indian sugars it is not easy to see. Mr. Chamberlain makes the Sugar Bill the occasion for a general discussion of protection. His arguments are a reproduction of those to which in this country we have long been accustomed. To wage-earners he says that, even if food be taxed, protection will raise prices, wages will rise with the general rise in prices, and so the food tax will not be felt. He does not tell them that wages are always slow to rise with a rising market and quick to fall with a falling market, nor does he say anything about the effect which artificial prices have to stimulate both speculation and extravagance. To manufacturers he says that he does not propose to impose a tax on raw materials. He takes no note of the fact that a rise in wages means an increased cost of product, and that the increased cost of product must be paid for to an exporting nation by the foreign market where the goods are sold. How, in the keener competition with America and Germany which England is now having to meet, she can retain her hold upon the foreign market while she raises the prices of her products, Mr. Chamberlain also does not explain. As might be expected, the majority of English statesmen propose to adhere to the fiscal policy which has made their country great. Of course the Liberal party as a whole continues to stand for free trade, but also the Tory-Unionist free-traders are now showing their strength. They have formed a "Unionist Free Food League," with that sturdy veteran, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, as President. At a by-election just held, however, the successful candidate was neither the Tory nor the Liberal aspirant, but the Labor candidate, a free-trader. While Mr. Chamberlain is espousing the cause of protection with his undeniably great skill and energy, the opposition to it is proving to be not only deeper but also more widespread than he apparently thought.

The Work of Baron d'Estournelles

Last week Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, who headed the French parliamentary group of eighty members on its recent visit to London, published an important letter setting forth the results of the recent exchange of views in London and Paris between members of the British and French Parliaments and the leading Ministers of the two Governments. From this letter it would appear that there is more reason than ever to believe in the hopeful outlook for the success of M. d'Estournelles's proposal of an arbitration treaty between England and France. The plan has the distinct approval of the Balfour Cabinet, as has the suggestion for a reduction of naval forces. Baron d'Estournelles truly says that for twenty years the fear of parliamentary opposition has alone prevented an arbitral settlement of difficulties, but now that that fear is dispelled nothing prevents the adoption of a conciliatory policy. This policy has three objects: (1) An arbitration treaty similar to that negotiated between Great Britain and the United States, and in accordance with Clause XIX. of the Hague International Arbitration Convention; (2) a reduction in the overwhelming naval expenses; (3) a friendly settlement of all outstanding differences. The Outlook trusts that this arrangement may be put into early practical effect, and that through its influence a similar basis of agreement may one day exist among all the countries of Europe and America.

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Macedonian Unrest

Last week in the town of Krushevo in western Macedonia the insurgents dynamited the konak, or Governor's palace, and killed fifty Turks; at other places in the sanjak (county) of Uskub entire villages were burned. The garrison at Prilip was captured, with a consequent addition of rifles for insurgent use. In several villages of the vilayet, or state, of Okhrida, on the Albanian frontier, the Macedonians rose against their Turkish neighbors and massacred them. Railway bridges were blown up and traffic on the Monastir-Salonika line stopped. A two days' rebel rout occurred at Sorobutch, in which the total loss is placed at a hundred and sixty lives. Finally, on Saturday of last week,

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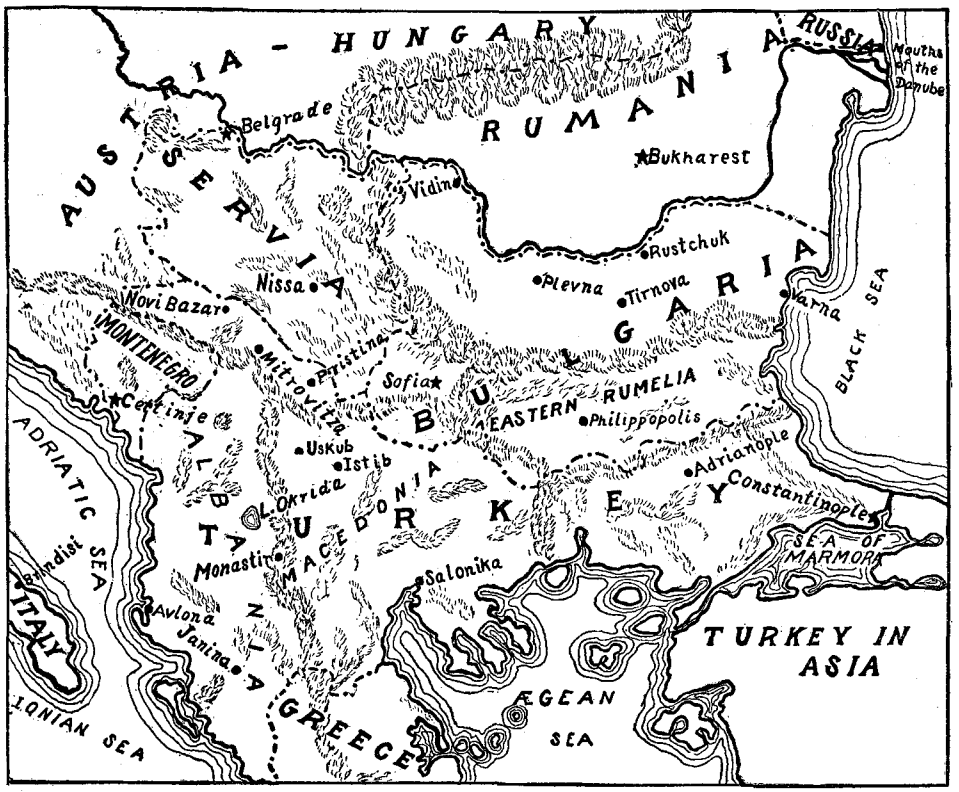
the Russian consul at Monastir—supposed to be in sympathy with the people—was murdered by a zapti, or Turkish policemen; it will be remembered that five months ago the Russian consul at Mitrovitza was also murdered by a Turk. These events show that the insurrectionists have cleverly planned a conflict which will require simultaneous checking at many points remote from each other. Hence, throughout the vilayets which compose the region known as Macedonia, the arrest of every



TURKEY IN EUROPE AND THE BALKAN STATES

suspected man has been ordered (and few indeed are not suspected), while the reserves have been called out from Adrianople on the east to Janina on the west and to the region of Novi Bazar on the north. Following last week's fighting, the Bulgarian Government announced that it wishes to maintain friendly relations with Turkey and also to prevent revolutionary bands from crossing the frontier, but that it fears a popular movement throughout Bulgaria as well as Macedonia if outrages on peaceful Macedonians, men and women, by the Turkish soldiery continue. While we take this statement with a certain degree of allowance, it must be remembered that the Bulgarian Government has no light task, for, ethnically, linguistically, socially, and religiously, the Macedonians and the Bulgarians are practically one people. They generally intermarry, so that the persecutions assume a family as well as a national complexion; hence the great strength of the Bulgaro-Macedonian Revolutionists' Committee having its headquarters at Sofia, the Bulgarian capital. This brigand band provides (1) that stores of arms and dynamite shall be kept hidden everywhere throughout Macedonia and prepared for quick use; (2) that the natives shall always be ready to fight for freedom; and—as crime begets crime—(3) that opponents shall be assassinated or "put out of the way." Branch organizations exist in every community in Bulgaria and Macedonia, and the membership is believed to include nine-tenths of the people. We believe that the Committee has enjoyed the tacit support of the Bulgarian Government; at all events, the

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Committee's influence is so powerful that it has been practically impossible to convict of crime any man who has been active in this movement.

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Reaction in China Even the most optimistically inclined concerning governmental reforms in China have become depressed by the Imperial Government's apparent readoption of its old policy of repression. This has been specially shown (1) by the closing of the University of Peking to European and American instructors—even though it has become officered by the Japanese; (2) by the demand for the arrest in the foreign quarter of Shanghai (internationally governed) of the editors of the "Supao," a Chinese reform journal; (3) by the torture of a reformer journalist, Shen-Chien. Thus freedom both of teaching and of the press has been threatened. China demands that the international authorities shall hand the "Supao" editors over to the provincial officers, which is equivalent to a death sentence; indeed, the demand distinctly says, "The prisoners are wanted for execution," a trial not being even mentioned. The announcement in the House of Commons last week that the British Government would not agree to the surrender of the Shanghai refugees is commended by most observers. It remains to be seen how the other Powers will act. According to a despatch just at hand, Mr. Williams, Chinese Secretary of the United States Legation, has made an investigation into the execution of Shen-Chien, which shows that the executioners, after beating the prisoner for three or four hours, despaired of being able to fulfill the Empress Dowager's orders to beat him to death, and, yielding to the unhappy man's pleadings to end his misery, strangled him with their own hands. From these events it would seem as if China were witnessing a return to the conditions which followed the stroke-of-state of 1898 by which the Empress Dowager unlawfully gained control of the Chinese Government. She again assumes a certain fear for the throne. She has placed special guards at the gates of Peking and has called together all the princes of the dynasty to consider measures to insure safety. It is believed, however, in Anglo-German quarters that the main object of the gathering is to grant further concessions to the Russian Government, with which the Empress Dowager is supposed long to have had some agreement for the protection of the Manchu dynasty. Thus the Empress Dowager would seem not to have changed her anti-foreign attitude by reason either of the Boxer atrocities of 1900 or of the punitive expeditions of the allied Powers which followed. Indeed, it is felt by some that her inimical feeling has only increased, and that she is quietly and steadily communicating this feeling to those about her in the central Government. We trust that, while our own Government has led the world in a magnanimous treatment of the Chinese, we may not cherish illusions as to any appreciation from that people, as represented by their Empress Dowager.

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Pius X.'s Coronation The coronation of Pope Pius X. on Sunday of this week was the first occasion of the celebration of a pontifical mass in St. Peter's, Rome, since 1870. The new Pontiff ordered sixty thousand cards of invitation distributed without privilege, declaring that "all Christians are equal before God." In the throng the Venetians were especially noticeable; thousands of them saw "our Pope" crowned, and on his appearance in St. Peter's it seemed as if they would seek to carry him in their arms, so great was their enthusiasm. Notwithstanding the large placards which the Pope had ordered posted all about the church, forbidding with becoming modesty any acclamations in his honor, cries of "Long Live Pius X." and "Pius, our Pope, our Father," were raised and continued until the Pontiff was obliged to make a somewhat indignant sign for more reverential behavior. In contrast with the occasions when Leo XIII. had to wear the heavy white pontifical robes and the red and gold miter, the new Pope wore them without effort. Before entering the *sedia gestatoria*, or papal chair, he had asked for his spectacles, and when the master of ceremonies hinted that his Holiness would look better without them, said, "I have no desire to appear what I am not," and wore them throughout the ceremony. Over his head a canopy was held by eight men,

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and surrounding him were the Noble Guard in their red uniforms and gleaming helmets, carrying drawn swords. In front marched sixty Cardinals, who had donned silver copes and white miters, and the chaplain bearing the cushion on which reposed the triple crown. The choir of the Sistine Chapel, in white, followed the Pope singing the "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus," accompanied by the notes of silver trumpets. A quaint ceremony now occurred. The master of ceremonies knelt three times before the Pontiff, each time lighting a handful of hemp which surmounted a silver torch, chanting as the flame flashed and died out, "Pater sancte, sic transit gloria mundi" (Holy Father, thus passes the world's glory). The Pope then walked to the high altar, blessed it, and the maniple, a symbol of the cords with which Christ was bound, was fastened to his arm. Mass was then celebrated by Pius X. with much attendant pomp, his sonorous voice being audible in the most distant corner of the immense church. Upon his return to the throne the Cardinals offered obedience, kissing his hand and feet and being embraced by him in turn. The whole of the Sacred College and choir then united in singing Palestrina's "Corona aurea super caput ejus." Cardinal Segna raising the Pontiff's miter, Cardinal Macchi placed on the noble head of Pius X. the triple crown, saying:

> Receive the tiara ornamented with three crowns. Remember thou art the Father of Princes and Kings, the Rector of the World, the Vicar on Earth of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who is the honor and glory of all centuries.

At this the church was filled with the blowing of trumpets, ringing of bells, triumphant strains from the choir, and acclamations of the multitude. The ceremony ended, of course, with an apostolic benediction from the new Pope.

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A Democratic Pope As indicating the Pope's indestructibiy democratic ideas, he admitted to a private audience last week the Mayor of Riese (the birthplace of the Pontiff) and some other municipal authorities who were little better than peasants and presented an incongruous group in the gorgeous setting of the Vatican. They stood huddled together, twirling their hats in their hands, but the Pope soon put them at ease, saying, "Come here and sit next to me," speaking of course in the Venetian dialect. He inquired after various people in the village and said, "Throughout my career I remember with joy and emotion my youthful days among you, which were also my happiest." When the villagers tried to express their gratification at the great honor done to their small village because of Cardinal Sarto's election, the new Pope is reported to have replied:

> I cannot yet realize it. On coming to Rome I was so sure of peacefully returning to my Patriarchate at Venice that I bought a return ticket. I am entirely unprepared for the position forced upon me, and though I am working very hard, it will take time before I shall feel that I can thoroughly accomplish my mission.

Other simple country folk were also allowed to visit his Holiness last week, being formally introduced by an ecclesiastic whom they happened to know. Thus those who have been in the papal apartments since the new régime began have found an unprecedented crowd there in which the democratic element was conspicuous. It is even alleged that "any reasonable cause will now procure an audience with the supreme pontiff." Furthermore, Pius X. departed from the usual papal custom of dining with no one but princes; he actually invited Abbé Perosi, the priest-composer, to his private table. It is believed that all Vatican methods will be modernized by Pius X.; at all events, there has already been an admirable simplicity and despatch in instituting changes. To us in this country the most important event of the week was the Pope's reception of the American pilgrims. As this was not only the first delegation to be received by him, but was received the day after the papal election—an unprecedented event—the honor which the Pope thus pays to the Church in this country will certainly be appreciated. Pius X. also received Cardinal Gibbons in private audience, and in a long conversation renewed his expressions of interest in America, and said that in order to become thoroughly acquainted with questions connected with the United States he would like to have the Cardinal remain in Rome for some time. After his audience Cardinal Gibbons presented to the Pope the Rector of the American Catholic University at Washington. It

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will be gratifying to liberals, Protestant and Roman Catholic alike, to know that the Pope promises to do all possible to further the interests of the University.

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An Expiatory Monument On Sunday, August 13, three hundred and fifty years ago, Michael Servetus was arrested in Geneva, whither he had fled from judgment in Vienna. He was tried and convicted of heresy and burned at the stake October 27. He had been condemned to be burned at the stake by the civil tribunal at Vienna in the previous June, but as he had escaped, the judgment could not be executed. By the initiative of Professor E. Doumergue, of the Theological Faculty of Montauban, France, and perhaps the greatest living exponent of Calvinism, the Société du Musée historique de la Réformation at Geneva has resolved to erect an expiatory monument on the spot of his execution. The monument is to be erected by the friends of the great reformer of Geneva, as an expression of sorrow for the one great mistake of his life. It is not to indorse the doctrines of Servetus, but as a confession to give peace of conscience to the sons of the men who committed the most notorious crime in the annals of Protestant intolerance. It is, of course, well known that, though Calvin approved of the execution of Servetus, he earnestly disapproved of the manner of it. The inscription for the monument has not yet been fixed upon. It will probably be one of these two texts: "The respectful and grateful sons of Calvin, our great reformer, though condemning an error which was that of his age, and firmly devoted to the liberty of the conscience according to the true principles of the Reformation and of the Gospel, have erected this expiatory monument 27 October, 1903." "To Michael Servetus, burned for his convictions at Champel, 27 October, 1553, victim of the religious intolerance of his time. The Protestants and friends of Calvin have erected this expiatory monument to repudiate all coercion in matters of faith, and to proclaim their invincible attachment to the Gospel and to liberty, 27 October, 1903." Professor Doumergue merits the gratitude of the age. No other such monument has ever been erected.

The Babs Massacre The London "Times" publishes an account (which, as yet, is unconfirmed elsewhere) of a massacre of Babs in Yezd, Persia. The Babs are Muslim religious reformers whose aspirations have always been viewed with suspicion by the ruling class. According to the "Times" report, during two days every Bab who fell into the hands of the rabble was butchered, and the mutilated bodies were drawn through the town followed by crazed crowds. It would thus seem, from the striking similarity of the massacres, as if the butchery of Babs in southern Persia were as popular as that of Jews in southern Russia. In both cases the unfortunate people were members of an unpopular religious faith; in both cases they had been unjustly accused of plotting against the government. Furthermore, if we may believe the "Times's" account, in both cases the government made no active attempt to save the oppressed; nay, in both cases government subordinates actually aided and abetted the rioters and murderers.

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The Young Men's Christian Association The latest Year-Book of the Young Men's Christian Association, covering the working year to May 1, 1903, shows a gratifying increase in numbers of associations, in membership, and in total property owned. It may surprise some to know that the Associations possess nearly twenty-nine million dollars' worth of property; on this amount there is a debt of less than four million five hundred thousand dollars. Perhaps the most interesting features of this report are in such statements as these: There are nearly 4,600 boys in the 214 summer camps. The colored men's department has 34 city and town associations and 47 student associations. Army and navy work is conducted at 269 points. The number of men and boys in the Bible classes in the city and railroad associations has increased from twenty-five hundred to thirty-one hundred. The number of men uniting with the Church from the Associations has increased eleven per cent. The daily attendance at the Associations is over a hundred and eight thousand. Positions were secured for nearly seventeen thousand men and boys. Such facts are eloquent in describing the

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work of an institution which, emancipating itself from its one-time over-pietistic attitude, finds every year new fields of labor and success, not alone in one department, but in many departments of physical, social, educational, and religious life.

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The Northfield Conference

The Northfield Conference for Christian Workers, which opened on July 31 at East Northfield, Massachusetts, has so far in its sessions been marked by variety in the topics treated and in the types of mind represented by the speakers. The opening sermon by Dr. R. A. Torrey expressed with clearness the undogmatic but very earnest and vital spirit which has been evinced in the Conference from the beginning. In one of the early sessions the Rev. Willis R. Hotchkiss, a missionary from Africa, made an address which, illustrated by some dramatic narrative of his own experiences among savages, emphasized the need of making Christian faith not a mere expectation of a happy future life but a power for the transformation of "this earth life." Dr. Campbell Morgan has given a series of addresses on the prophets. His power to visualize, so to speak, spiritual truth may be exemplified by this quotation:

> It is because God is changeless in all the eternal sublimities of his character that he changes in his dealings toward men. I remember a man saying to me once, "Why, he is just as changeable as a weather-vane on a steeple." What an unfortunate figure of speech! The most unchangeable thing in Northfield is the weather-vane on the steeple. But, you say, it is always changing. No, it never changes; it is pointing north and south and east and west, yes; and because of its unchangeable principle it shows you where the wind is coming from, and it is always unchangeable in its adhesion to principle. The Almighty God is unchangeable. To-day his word is the word of tenderness, and to-morrow of anger. To-day he spares Nineveh, and to-morrow he smites it. Has he changed? No; Nineveh has changed. He has been the same throughout all his dealings with men, and it is they that change, not he that changes.

The Rev. Charles Stelzle, who is known to our readers as a minister who, because he has been a workingman, knows at first hand the needs of workingmen, addressed the Conference on Tuesday. He spoke of the commission of the Church to minister to physical as well as doctrinal, or, as they are commonly called, spiritual, needs of people. It is refreshing to find a minister preaching to church adherents the particular form of gospel which the church adherents need:

> I know that some people are saying the workingman is at fault in this matter. Suppose he is! I am not willing to admit that he is altogether at fault—but suppose he is; don't you know that the Church was organized, established by Jesus Christ, for such people? The greater the fault of the workingman, the greater the fault of the Church in not reaching him with helpful ministration. . . . As I have read this Bible I do not find a single command in it for the unconverted man to go to church. He is told to come to Christ; he is told to accept Christ; but there is not a single command for the non-Christian to go to church. But I find command after command in that book for the Christian to go out upon the highways and hedges and compel them to come in; and that is your commission and mine.

Professor Orr, in speaking of the drift from skepticism to faith, represented still another type of mind from those already mentioned; the Rev. R. J. Campbell still another. It is evident that Mr. W. R. Moody is making of the Northfield Conference a meeting-ground where men and women of various schools of thought may concern themselves with principles that underlie all kinds of theology, and may find a common way to the source of all vital faith.

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The Best Defense

President Roosevelt's letter to Governor Durbin, made public on Monday of this week, on the cause and cure of lynching, calls attention to the only sound method of dealing with such evils, whether they concern a race, a party, a commercial organization, a State, or any other division of men.

Although it is impossible to indict a whole people, it has been the practice of some of late to charge against the black race on the one hand, and the white race on the other, crimes committed by individuals. Naturally, men of the negro race have leaped to defend their people from the accusation brought against them; and in turn white men have leaped to the defense of their race. This impulse to defend one's own people is a lofty impulse; it is the result of a race pride which is as

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necessary to the welfare of a race as self-respect is necessary to the welfare of an individual. It should not be repressed. But it should be rightly directed.

Negroes, or those speaking on behalf of negroes, in defending the black race usually attempt to minimize the evils laid at its door, declaring that the shiftlessness, the brutality, and the number of instances of assault have been exaggerated; or they extenuate the evil, declaring that slavery, with its train of injustice, social ostracism, hardship, ignorance, has occasioned the evils; or else they have brought recrimination, and rejoice in retaliation against the white race, as a correspondent of the Milwaukee "Sentinel," writing rather incoherently, seems to do:

> In recent years negroes are growing away from that fear of the white man whipped into them and their ancestors during slavery; it is time they had, and are now in some cases showing a degree of manhood quite commendable, wrong as it may appear from a civilized standpoint.

When the white man defends his race, he usually follows the same procedure. He minimizes lynching and calls it sporadic. He minimizes peonage and calls it local and temporary. We quote from the Memphis "Commercial Appeal:"

> As a matter of fact, there is no "system" of peonage in Alabama. The fact that a few hundred negro convicts are leased out to farmers does not constitute a system. So far, the peonage is confined to two counties in the State, and it is an exception to the prevailing system.

What the white man, thus arguing, does not minimize he tries to justify. He declares that negro brutes need to be terrorized; that negro vagabonds need to be set to work. And he ends by a *tu quoque*—that any one in his place would do as he does.

Is this the best defense? We think not. This is defending the vice, not defending the race. He who excuses himself accuses himself. He, on the other hand, who begins by accusing himself will find in the end not mere excuse, but real defense.

I. The negroes' best defense against the evils charged against their race is the cure of them. There is no doubt that negroes are continually guilty of brutal assaults upon white women, and that among negroes there is widespread indolence and shiftlessness. If negro leaders wish to defend their race against the charge just brought against it, they can best do so by being quickest to accuse those guilty and most alert in bringing about the enactment and enforcement of laws for the prompt punishment of rape. Let negro preachers preach, not against lynching, but against the crime, or crimes, which provoke lynching. Let negro teachers and parents be most earnest in drenching the minds of colored children with the hatred of the evils of which people of their race are especially accused. Let the negro race take a leaf of experience from the Hebrews, whose ancient laws are most stringent in respect to the evils to which they as a race were especially prone. Those who would make the strongest defense of the negroes can do so by inculcating in them enthusiasm for self-restraint and useful activity.

II. The best defense of the white race also begins with self-accusation. Upon the white people, especially of those localities where lynching has become prevalent, rests the responsibility of defending their race and their locality by the exertion of every energy to repress mob violence. Let white children be taught to hate anarchy with an especial hatred. Let men like Governor Durbin and Sheriff Whitlock be accorded peculiar honor. Let white teachers, preachers, parents, leaders of all kinds, make it their special function to arouse enthusiasm for law.

This principle, that the only true self-defense is self-purification, is the principle underlying President Roosevelt's ringing letter to Governor Durbin. We quote first what he says especially to the colored citizens of the United States:

> In such cases, moreover, it is well to remember that the criminal not merely sins against humanity in inexpiable and unpardonable fashion, but sins particularly against his own race, and does them a wrong far greater than any white man can possibly do them.
>
> Therefore, in such cases, the colored people throughout the land should in every possible way show their belief that they, more than all others in the community, are horrified at the commission of such a crime, and are peculiarly concerned in taking every possible measure to prevent its recurrence and to bring the criminal to immediate justice.
>
> The slightest lack of vigor either in denun-

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ciation of the crime or in bringing the criminal to justice is itself unpardonable.

Exactly the same principle he applies to the white citizens of the Union :

It is, of course, inevitable that where vengeance is taken by a mob it should frequently light on innocent people; and the wrong done in such a case to the individual is one for which there is no remedy. But even where the real criminal is reached, the wrong done by the mob to the community itself is well-nigh as great. Especially is this true where the lynching is accompanied with torture. There are certain hideous sights which, when once seen, can never be wholly erased from the mental retina. The mere fact of having seen them implies degradation. This is a thousandfold stronger when, instead of merely seeing the deed, the man has participated in it. Whoever in any part of our country has ever taken part in lawlessly putting to death a criminal by the dreadful torture of fire must forever after have the awful spectacle of his own handiwork seared into his brain and soul. He can never again be the same man.

. . . . . .

Surely no patriot can fail to see the fearful brutalization and debasement which the indulgence of such a spirit and such practices inevitably portends. Surely all public men, all writers for the daily press, all clergymen, all teachers, all who in any way have a right to address the public, should with every energy unite to denounce such crimes and to support those engaged in putting them down. As a people we claim the right to speak with peculiar emphasis for freedom and for fair treatment of all men without regard to differences of race, fortune, creed, or color. We forfeit the right so to speak when we commit or condone such crimes as these of which I speak.

This is a principle that applies to the cure of any wrong, whether of a race, or of a State, or of a church, whether of a labor union or of a corporation. The best defenders of the good name of Alabama are the men who, like Judge Jones, brought the offenders to their punishment. The best defenders of the good name of Missouri are those who, with Mr. Folk, are indicting and convicting the corruptionists. Does a minister resent the accusation that his church is out of sympathy with the people? Let him arouse his complacent congregation. Does a property-owner fear assaults on property? Let him be the strongest supporter of the anthracite coal strike decision. Does a workingman resent the charges of violence and disregard of individual rights brought against labor unions? Let him be thankful for the decision of the President that reinstated Miller against the unjust and lawless demands of a union. He who would defend his race, his State, his organization, his class, against accusation, let him be the first to accuse and to purify.

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The Unspeakable Turk

The Sultan of Turkey has committed four grievous wrongs: (1) he has allowed the wages of his soldiers and civil officials to remain overdue; (2) he has winked at the miscarriage of justice in his courts; (3) he has made himself more of an autocrat than ever by unjustly centralizing the power of the State, and (4) he has permitted, if not encouraged, the massacre of those who differ from him, especially in religion.

Hence we are not surprised at last week's Macedonian insurrection, due to additional oppression from Turkish troops and civil officials. These rely upon the notorious corruption of the Ottoman courts, in which apparently every crime is condoned for cash. With their own wages always in arrears, the soldiers and civil officers have been reimbursing themselves by extorting sums from Macedonians through intimidation, This has chiefly concerned the exorbitant taxes, which in some cases represent the whole value of the agricultural land. Failing to get money, the Turks have filled the prisons, not only with the suspected dwellers in the town, but also with the more peaceful rural population. When they have met with resistance, they have pillaged entire villages, and have even massacred innocent persons—this despite the "reform programme" imposed by Russia and Austria. Increase of crime, of course, means additional bribes to be wrung from the terrified people, who in turn have sought the only two ways by which they can escape from military and civil clutches. The Macedonians have exhausted the first means—money; they have left only the second—force.

Viewed in the light of the highest civilization, the Macedonians are degenerates, but what wonder, after centuries of intellectual, moral, commercial, and political oppression! They still have enough instinct for liberty, however, to struggle towards it, even if they must fight the Turk with his own weapons. Is it not time for Europe to give to the miserable people

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something of that freedom guaranteed by the Treaty of San Stefano which victorious Russia imposed upon Turkey after the war of 1877? It is true that by this the boundaries of the ancient Bulgarian Empire would almost have been restored, that the people would have been given theoretical independence under the Czar's protection, and that, in consequence, Russian aggrandizement would have been as evident as would have been the reduction of European Turkey to a narrow strip of territory. The Czar's protection would not have been ideal, it is true; instead of it, however, the other Powers preferred that Macedonia should be restored to the unspeakable Turk, and that a group of little weakling States should stand as a buffer between him and their jealousies. The following year, at the Congress of Berlin, they tore up the San Stefano Treaty, providing instead that the Macedonians should be under "the direct political and military authority of the Sultan," with a Christian Governor-General; that religious freedom should be guaranteed; that the people should have the privilege of electing their own magistrates and enacting their own laws, subject to the general approval of the Imperial authorities at Constantinople. These pledges have not been carried out, despite the "watchful attitude" of the Christian Powers. To show the attitude of the Turkish Government towards a word which once came near signifying liberty, the English Bible has been proscribed because it contains the word "Macedonia."

As regards Albania, the recent offer to the rebellious chiefs there of a transfer to Constantinople with immediate preferment and rich gifts awaiting them seems to have temporarily resulted as expected. At all events, it is a glaring example of the centralization of power in Constantinople which has also been one of the causes of Macedonian unrest. For years the Sultan has pursued a policy of outrageous centralization, and has now subverted what little local self-government was once enjoyed by his people. The Empire's civil affairs are supposed to be administered through the civil officers of each vilayet; in former times they had quasi-absolute power. That power has now been gradually taken away from them by Imperial edicts. The result is that every position in the Empire may be had from the Sultan for a consideration. This centralization has, of course, undone any good which the provincial courts, were they worthy, might hope to have accomplished. If a subordinate official is shown to be a rascal, he can defy not only his superiors, but the courts themselves. He goes to Constantinople and returns with an imperial rescript which, for value received, confirms him in his position.

Turning to Turkey in Asia, we find that there also much trouble existed last week. After brutalizing its European provinces by sending into them many of the wild Kurds who had taken part in massacring a hundred thousand Armenians eight years ago, it has been believed that the authorities were secretly arming the Kurds still remaining in the mountains on the Russian and Persian border. The Porte now pretends that these brigand bands come from across the frontier, as in the case of the Bulgaro-Macedonians. At the same time the Porte had been endeavoring to convict the Armenians of revolutionary intentions. The menacing attitude of the Kurds is, naturally, a cause for disquietude at the foreign mission stations, notably at Harput, where Professor Tenekejian, of the American Euphrates College, is still scandalously kept in prison on a verbal charge of sedition, and not allowed to see American visitors. Our State Department has ordered the American Minister at Constantinople to do everything possible for the early release of the prisoner, than whom, according to those who have known him from childhood, there is no more loyal Turkish subject—most of the teachers in the American schools throughout Turkey are the Sultan's subjects. The American Minister has urged the Ministry for Foreign Affairs at Constantinople to free Mr. Tenekejian from the unjust and cruel charges made against him, and to punish the calumniators. It is feared, however, that the Sultan may use the present circumstances to endanger the safety of American institutions in Turkey. The dignity of the United States as a sovereign nation certainly demands the decisive methods which we hope have characterized the course of our Minister at Constantinople. Having once asked from Turkey that which manifestly is ours by treaty and

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precedent—equal treatment with other Powers in the matter of foreign schools—we cannot allow the Sultan to humiliate us by refusal or unnecessary delay. It is desirable that our Minister and our Government take immediate and vigorous action. At least we ought strenuously to demand that all teachers employed in American institutions, whether Turkish subjects or not, shall have early and fair trial when arrested. If they are proven guilty, no one would demand that they should be exempt; but if they are innocent, we should insist that they shall not be disturbed in their work. In oppressing Macedonians and Armenians the unspeakable Turk may find that he has to do with a Power unmoved by the jealousies which have prevented the Powers of Europe from dealing with him as he deserves.

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Friends of Reform

Mr. Ridder, the editor of the New York "Staats-Zeitung," one of the best newspapers in America, is the leader of the German-American Reform Union. His newspaper has taken pains to show how much the misgoverned cities of America need the civic ideals that characterize those American citizens who are of Teutonic origin. He contemplates the political conditions of New York City, therefore, from the elevated point of view of those high-minded Germans who, having suffered in times past for advocating popular rights in a despotism, are now eager for the maintenance of liberty in a Republic.

Senator Thomas C. Platt is a man of wide experience in civic life. He has never asserted that he was in politics "for his own pocket." He holds an exalted position in the State and Nation. He lives in a county well removed from the metropolis. From his home he can view the affairs of the city with the passionless equanimity of a Greek god on Mount Olympus directing his quiet gaze upon the perturbed doings of mortals.

These two men, one an independent Democrat, the other a regular Republican, are reported to have met last week and discussed the welfare of the city. Here, surely, was an opportunity for the elimination of mere party considerations—for these two men differed in party affiliation; an opportunity for the disregard of mere provincial narrowness—for one beheld New York from the point of view of universal freedom, the other from his throne in Tioga County. Under the circumstances, it certainly seemed as if almost nothing that was petty, temporary, parochial, could remain in any conclusion upon which two such men could agree. Is it surprising that citizens of New York, who have so soon to decide whether they shall be governed or be robbed, paused for a moment to hear the verdict these two men rendered? What they heard was something like this:

"My organization got nothing but the Bridge Commissioner. Reform has disappointed me."

"Me too," came the reply. "Mine got only a justice and a commissioner."

Then came a duet of which the following words seemed to be distinguishable:

"Let us wait and see."

It never occurred to us before how important it was to the babies of the East Side, whose very lives depend upon sanitary conditions maintained by good municipal government, that Mr. Ridder's organization should be rewarded with offices. It never occurred to us before how vital it was to the property-owners of the city, whose money may be at the mercy of a corrupt municipal government, that Mr. Platt of Tioga County should be satisfied with the amount of patronage he has to distribute. We dare say that these things never occurred to the minds of most of the citizens of New York City. This only goes to prove how different the affairs of mortal men seem when viewed from Olympian heights.

It is only fair to say that an echo has been heard which has the sound of Mr. Ridder's voice declaring that he was misquoted and that he does not approve of some things Mr. Low's administration has done; and adding that in preference to a Tammany "yellow dog" ticket his organization would support the fusion candidate even if that candidate should be Mr. Low. This overwhelming praise of honest government may reassure those who are dreading the return of Tammany to power. Who would not like to be considered better than a "yellow dog"? In the meantime the echo continues as a solo the refrain which began as a duet, and it

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seems to merge into a nursery rhyme, that tersest form of philosophy:

"Let us see, let us see,"
Says the Mole to the Bat;
"With all my soul,"
Says the Bat to the Mole,
"Let us see, let us see."

We are sorry that we cannot tell our readers how accurately Mr. Ridder has been understood. He has declined to inform The Outlook, despite our request. We can therefore only report what the citizens of New York have heard. We are sure, however, that if he had said what he is reported to have said, he speaks for a very small number of citizens. We do not think that any one can control, by any appeal to greed for office, or by any picking out of incidental flaws in an honest administration, the votes of those whom Mr. Ridder nominally represents. The German-Americans of New York are too earnest a body of citizens either to be bribed by offices or to be deceived by even honest misrepresentations of fact.

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Try Again

You have tried the Christian life and you have failed, and you are inclined to give it up. You have gone to church, and the minister has been dull, and the church service and perhaps its membership unsatisfactory. You have suffered some practical injustice at the hands of a person of pretentious piety, and are cynically inclined to the conclusion that all piety is a false pretense. You have read your Bible faithfully and said your prayers. Nay! you have prayed, which is quite a different thing from saying prayers. But your prayers have not been answered; you have made nothing out of it all; you have not had the peace and joy which you had promised yourself. Moreover, if you are frank with yourself, you confess to yourself, though to no one else, that you have failed in righteousness. Not only have you not been happy, you have not been true to your own ideals of character. You have yielded to temptation; you are ashamed of yourself as well as disgusted with your neighbor and disgruntled with the world. Your summary of the past six months is, "I have tried and failed." Your spirit is expressed in the conclusion, "It is no use."

What does this conclusion at which you are tending mean? It means that you are giving up manhood. It means that it is no use to try to be a man. What, then, will you be? Will you revert to the beast? You are emerging, we are all emerging, from the animal condition. You have done the things you hate as you look back upon them. So had Paul. You are bound to a dead past whose memories haunt you. So was he. You are bound to a body of death, in this bundle of appetites and passions, of vanities and ambitions, of strong impulses and weak will, which make up the animal self from which the aspirations of your higher nature summon you. This also was Paul's condition. To give the struggle up is to drop back into the animal; it is to abandon the purpose to be a man. Are you ready for that conclusion? There are bad men in the church, therefore you will leave the church. By the same logic, because there are bad men in business, therefore you must give up business; because there are bad men in society, you must give up society; because there is badness in yourself, you must abandon yourself. This is what your cynical and half-formed resolution means. Did you ever consider what self-abandonment means? Are you really ready to adopt it as the final outcome of your life? There remains suicide. But have you any reason to think that another life will give you any greater advantages from this battle than are given by this life? Or are you quite sure that suicide is self-destruction, and death an eternal sleep, and that they will give you a sure refuge?

Summon your courage. Try again. Let failure nerve you to a new purpose. Take an hour to look the situation fairly in the face; to determine what you are willing to become; what you wish to become; what you are resolved to become. Then set out to achieve that purpose. Nothing is impossible to a manly resolve. Failure only nerves the true man to new endeavor. He learns from his defeats what are his weaknesses and how to guard against them. Take what helps you; avoid what hinders you. If the church helps you, use it; if it hinders you, avoid it. If one church hinders and another helps, take the one that helps and avoid the one that hinders. But whatever you do, do not do nothing. Take counsel of

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courage, not of despair. The first exercise of manhood is the resolve to be a man, whatever it may cost and however long it may take.

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The Spectator

It was the recent privilege of the Spectator to listen to an informal but eloquent talk from that "genial theologian," the Rev. Dr. George Adam Smith, of Glasgow—for so he was named in a felicitous introduction, "a Scotchman who not only could recognize a joke, but perpetrate one himself on occasion." Why, queried the Spectator in passing, is—perhaps better was—geniality so often dissociated from theology? Is theology of necessity a "dismal science" like political economy? Dr. Smith quite appropriately chose "Imperialism" for his topic, for he was a guest—"the" guest—at the dinner of a New England chapter of the Society of Colonial Wars. This is a society whose members belong to it by right of descent from fellow-subjects with Dr. Smith's own ancestors of a British king—subjects who lived on a different continent because of the first stirrings of that impelling imperialism which has since peopled remotest world-corners with men of the race. Thus Dr. Smith and his hosts were brought together on an occasion designed to laud the adventurous spirit of a common ancestry—a tie emphasized, in his individual case, by the fact, as he himself noted, that he was born in Calcutta, a "Mutiny baby," thus being, in a sense, the peculiar offspring of imperialism.

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Of the delightful asides and charming casual humor of Dr. Smith's talk the Spectator will, of course, attempt no mention, these were so wholly born of the passing spirit of the hour. Two often-forgotten aspects of imperialism, as presented by Dr. Smith, seemed to him, however, most suggestive. The first concerns the fact that emigration involves immigration; that Scotland, no less than New England, is face to face with the problem of influx, a less desirable and unhomogeneous population flowing in to fill any vacuum created by those who have "moved out." The Spectator, taking the matter for granted in careless fashion, had always supposed that the United States enjoyed a virtual monopoly of the immigration as distinguished from the emigration problem—that, indeed, one of our National distinctions was the general success, due allowance being made for an expected percentage of failure, to be credited to our institutions in assimilating aliens. He had supposed, American-like, that immigration was almost an unqualified blessing to all "foreign countries," meaning practically the rest of the world, since it relieved the pressure of population and gave those who were left a better chance, that is, more opportunity and higher wages. He was then surprised to learn from Dr. Smith that whereas in his boyhood a Jew was as uncommon a sight in Scotland as an "American Indian," the Jews are now so numerous that their competition appreciably affects the rate of wages in certain industries. Dr. Smith's attention had been called personally to the fact through service on a government commission appointed to investigate industrial conditions.

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In talking the matter over later with a Scotch-American friend, the Spectator was again surprised to learn how general is the recognition of the seriousness of the problem, the Trade-Unions' Federation in Scotland, for example, having already started a movement aimed at the restriction of immigration. The Spectator's friend loaned him, for his further information, a number of clippings from Glasgow papers, filled largely with evidence taken by the Alien Immigration Commission sitting in London. From these clippings it appeared, among other things, that the "Jewish invasion" had reached even to Ireland, the traditional land of wholesale emigration, the land where, as the Spectator was brought up to believe, nobody stayed who could by any possibility get away; that the Jews in Scotland had very nearly monopolized the manufacture of ready-made clothing, having brought the price of the average cheap suit of tweed, serge, or vicuna down to thirty-five shillings (about $8.50) and having absolutely killed the trade in second-hand clothing; that mine-owners in the west of Scotland had encouraged the immigration of cheap Polish laborers and had aroused strike agitation by reduc-

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ing wages. This last, so exactly reproducing the policy pursued years ago in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania, struck the Spectator as curious reconfirmatory evidence of the saying that "human nature is pretty much the same the world over"—a saying which, stripped of euphemism, means that human selfishness can be depended upon to manifest itself in identically conscienceless ways, given the same chance.

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The other aspect of imperialism in Dr. Smith's talk touched on its penalty of the distant grave, the family scattered in death—the cost of the adventurous migratory spirit, in his use of the word—and seemed to the Spectator peculiarly impressive. This penalty was suggested to Dr. Smith apropos of the universal sacrifices of the Boer War—the members of many families throughout Great Britain, of every social condition, who now lie buried side by side far away in South Africa. But, as he said, this was only a present example of what the adventurous spirit had cost the race from the days of Drake and Raleigh. Again and again, during a life of frequent travel, he had found in remote spots, on visiting the local cemetery (as had now become his custom), a little group of English graves, sometimes of soldiers, sometimes of civilians, telling the story of those who had fallen by the way in distant lands. For his own part, Dr. Smith added that, fanciful though it seem, he had come to believe that the sundered family ties and final separation in death, with all the longing and the brooding of which this end was the finis, the distressing experiences of generation after generation, had contributed their part toward that note of melancholy which distinguishes British character and literature.

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Turning from his side of the water to our own, Dr. Smith touched on the American share in this common inheritance, one to be brought closer home to us in coming years as our colonial departure carried the Nation further beyond its continental limits, but one not unknown to us in the past. To what this pathetic inheritance had meant to some New England homes he was himself a witness. Visiting the English cemetery in Crete, he had found in a remote corner a group of American graves, of children, women, and men. There lay the members of a little band of American missionaries who had set forth in the first enthusiasm of the new movement to do their work in Turkey. Barred of entrance on their arrival, but hopeful of a new time of opportunity, they had tarried in sight of the appointed land of duty, set in their purpose not to turn back, though the weaker and then the stronger succumbed to the trying climate, until the last survivor answered, "Adsum"—all laid at rest, with their faces toward the East, toward the rising sun and the shores they were not permitted to reach. "In hoc signo vinces."

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Little as otherwise they had in common, the spirit in which these American missionaries met their death of disappointment, content to be buried where duty sent them—the spirit of the sign which conquers—recalled to the Spectator the death of Prince Christian Victor, son of the Princess Helena, and grandson of Queen Victoria. "The first member of the royal family to enter and go through a public school in the ordinary regular way," says a memorial volume by Mr. Warren, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, his too short career more than justified this "experiment in reality." By his own insistence, every honor accorded him was won fairly on his merits, from the captaincy of his (Wellington) school eleven, of which he was the proudest, to the confidence of his fellow-officers for his good sense, knowledge of technique, bravery and coolness in action, shown while campaigning in Egypt and India. His charm was his unassuming democracy, for during his service in South Africa he corresponded with equal regularity with the Queen and with a non-commissioned officer. Having reached at thirty-one the rank of brevet-major, he succumbed in 1900 to an attack of enteric fever while in Pretoria, where he was buried. This was in accordance with a noble wish which he repeated to his own mother each time he said good-by to her on leaving for the front: "If anything happens to me, please don't have me brought home. It is so unfair to the men if the officers are brought home, as they have to be left out. What's good enough for the men is good enough for me."

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Personal Impressions of Pius X.

By Daniel Clifford Branson

JOSEPH, Cardinal Sarto, henceforth to be known to the world and to history as Pius X., seems to me singularly unfamiliar to the general public. Even in Italy one heard little of him. On the rare occasions when he came to Rome and perhaps appeared along with other Cardinals at some papal function in St. Peter's, I used to hear all around me, "Who is that?" His face even was unknown to most of the crowd. This was not due solely or even chiefly to the fact of his being a provincial. The massive figure and strangely baggy eyes of Cardinal Svampa were as familiar to Rome as to Bologna. Cardinal Ferrari could not easily have gone about unrecognized. But Cardinal Sarto knew intuitively and superlatively how to keep quiet.

In his own Venice it was much the same. Certainly the Venetians themselves knew and loved him. There was no help for it. But of the thousands of travelers who faithfully saw Venice every year, and who at the end of their stay could tell you almost anything, from the site of Titian's grave to the prices of things at Florian's, very few could have told you the name of the Cardinal Patriarch. For in Venice, too, he kept quiet. But the Venetians knew him!

That is the first impression he gives, the impression of an equanimity not easily disturbed. He looked his best when one saw him, not in some high ceremonial, muffled and half-hidden in gorgeous vestments that would stand up of their own stiffness; but rather in his everyday cassock, walking through the corridors of the seminario or in the twisting alleys of its garden, or, perhaps, just stepping out of his gondola. Then there stood before you a man who seemed of medium height, though I suspect him of being taller, very straight, tranquil, but sure and decided in every movement, even in every little gesture.

He always seemed to me young for a Cardinal, although I knew he was not. But his fresh, almost boyish complexion, and his appearance of not only having but enjoying perfect health are oddly incongruous with the silvery hair that struggles rebelliously from beneath the red *zuchetto*. He will never be able to do anything with that hair, unless, in time, the weight of the tiara may partially subdue it. It is "all anywhere" over his forehead, a riot of white fluff, giving a quaint and attractive dash of carelessness to a figure otherwise immaculately neat and orderly.

Pius X. has fine eyes. They are wide open, and their look meets your own squarely and with a charming frankness. You spend very little time indeed in arriving at the conclusion that you like this man, and that the devotion of his Venetians is comprehensible enough.

The first time I ever saw him, so far as I can remember, he was walking along slowly, surrounded by some half-dozen little seminarists. They were thoroughly respectful, of course, these little Venetian cherubim, but it was clear that they did not stand in any sort of awe of him. They seemed, rather, to have that boundless confidence in him which small boys give to a big friend. The Patriarch never for a moment relaxed his gentle gravity, but spoke to them as courteously as if they had been so many Bishops—no condescension, but just the manner of a man who genuinely likes children and knows that they like him. Many of the Italian clergy, especially in the country towns and villages, have this to perfection. You may notice over and again that the *parroco*, or parish priest, can scarcely budge from his door without a lot of absurdly handsome little brats clinging to his cassock and begging him for a *santo*—that is to say, one of those little cards with gorgeously colored pictures of the various saints which abound all over Italy. And perhaps the good old man will rummage his pockets and hand out cards all round, or he may kindly shake his head and tell them "*Pazienza*, some other time." In either case they kiss his hand and scamper away as pleased as boys well could be.

Well, the new Pope began as just such a parish priest. In that capacity he

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labored for years, and from it he rose by slow gradations and, as Emerson said of Napoleon, "by very intelligible merits," to the Patriarchate of Venice, and now to the throne of Catholic Christendom. But through it all he has remained essentially the parish priest. His parish has widened from a village to the world, but he himself summed it all up in what he is reported to have said to a friend the day after his election: "The color of my robes has changed, but I am the same Sarto."

Village or Vatican, his surroundings change, but he does not. He will have, of course, new duties, and will have to get accustomed to things never before expected of him. He must exchange his gondola for the plaguy oscillations of *sedia gestatoria* as he is borne in unsteady triumph through St. Peter's. He who has loved quiet, who has so long shunned publicity, must school himself to be cheered and beclapped and huzzaed by thousands every time he lets himself be seen. Less than two weeks ago he was off climbing mountains; now he is a prisoner for life. Certainly these are contrasts. But it is safe to say that he will accept what comes, just as, if he had remained all his life a village priest, he would have accepted that—and thanked God.

That, as I read the man, is the basis of his character—simple, unquestioning piety. He was elected Pope for a reason which has not always primarily influenced the actions of Conclaves—for the plain, old-fashioned reason that he was a good man. The very simplicity of his nature is in salient contrast to the infinitely subtle and many-sided personality of his predecessor. We hear much discussion as to whether the policy of Leo XIII. will be continued or not. One thing is certain. There is a very striking change in the personality of the Pope. It will show in small things as well as in great. We shall have no more of those charming Latin verses, ranging in subject-matter from Horace to the hygiene of gastronomy—poems to the Madonna, and poems on the new electric lights in the Vatican. And we shall have no more politics in the grand manner. Papa Sarto—as the Romans will presently be calling him—is not a political Pope. One need only look at his face to see that. Leo XIII. had a politician's face. Even in the closing years of his venerable age, when I used to see him borne into St. Peter's, white, frail, unearthly, seeming rather a spectral visitant from another world, his face was still the face of the master-diplomatist who brought Bismarck to Canossa, and whom the Iron Chancellor called "the greatest statesman in Europe." Cardinal Rampolla has a politician's face *par excellence*. He goes through the motions of piety with edifying correctness, and by this I do not at all mean to call his sincerity in question. But his expression and manner are predominantly worldly. I remember once observing him as he knelt before the sacrament in St. Peter's. A lady standing beside me whispered, "Isn't that a saint's face?" She saw what certainly was invisible to me. Now Pope Pius has not a saint's face, but the face of a kind, sensible man and energetic worker.

He is a man of scholarly tastes and a lover of the arts. His fondness for music and his patronage of Don Lorenzo Perosi have been much spoken of since his accession. The simple truth is that, with the best intentions, he came near wrecking Perosi's career. After one or two initial successes, the boy composer—for he was little more—came to Rome fortified with the recommendation of the Cardinal Patriarch. Here he was at once taken up and inordinately advertised by the Church. His fame was trumpeted to the four quarters of the earth, as if a new Palestrina had suddenly appeared. The natural result was an output of terribly amateurish music, evidently composed in haste and carelessly, which brought down a storm of adverse criticism all over Europe. However, Perosi is young enough to outlive the results of his premature celebrity. He has undeniable genius, and I am convinced that he will presently do work of serious value. And there is every reason to hope that the musical tastes of the new Pontiff will contribute to lift church music in Rome from the slough of despond into which it has fallen of late years. Any one familiar with the great functions of the Church in Rome, especially Holy Week and Easter, must agree that the music is scandalously inadequate to the place and the occasion.

Pope Pius is also a lover of painting,

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in which capacity he once rather frightened me. This was in Venice. I was helping a friend celebrate a birthday by a visit to Giorgione's "Apollo and Daphne," in the Seminario Patriarchale. Save for the *custode*, we had the room of pictures to ourselves. The light on the Giorgione was bad, and I suggested to the attendant that we take the picture down from the wall and put it on a chair by the window. He agreed. Persons who have lived in Italy will understand the nature of the arguments we used. It was a wildly irregular thing to do, and we felt rather like stage conspirators all the time we were handling the picture. However, we saw the Giorgione to better advantage, probably, than any one else of this generation has. So we came out of the room jubilant—and walked plump into Cardinal Sarto! The Patriarch looked benevolent enough, and no doubt felt so, but to my imagination, at the moment, he seemed to have the major excommunication up his sleeve; and I lost no time in carrying my guilty conscience elsewhere.

Just one more recollection. It goes back to a day in the Jubilee year 1900, when a large pilgrimage of Venetians and North Italians were received by Leo XIII. in St. Peter's. They were presented by Cardinal Sarto, who read an address to the Pope. His sonorous voice carried far, with just the slightest touch of Venetian accent. As he stood there, erect and stately, he looked a strikingly handsome man. His few gestures, as he spoke, were deliberate, measured. Nothing could have been more different than the manner of Leo XIII. in replying. He was not still for an instant. His hands and arms were in a state of perpetual motion, reinforcing all that he said with that peculiar expressiveness of Italian gesture which makes even ordinary conversation almost dramatic. At times, in his emphasis and earnestness, he would half rise out of his throne. I watched the marked contrast with the greatest interest, but certainly without suspecting that I was looking at two Popes instead of one—Leo the statesman and Pius the priest.

Negro Education

By H. B. Frissell

Principal of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, Hampton, Virginia

WHY should negro education differ from any other? Colored men have demonstrated their ability to think the highest thoughts, to do the noblest deeds. There is no dead-line in education beyond which the negro cannot go. Only comparatively few white children have the mental ability to carry them through high school and college; that there are still fewer negro children who go beyond the grammar school is not surprising when we consider their heredity and environment. Yet it is true that representatives of the negro race, both this year and in former years, have taken the highest honors at Yale, Harvard, and other universities. The negro naturally looks with suspicion on anything that seems like an endeavor to provide for him a second or third rate education. He wants the best, and he ought to have an opportunity to get the best that he is capable of receiving.

But while it is true that there is no dead-line in the education of the negro, the long years spent by his ancestors in African jungles or under a tropical sun, far removed from the lines of commerce, have given a heritage to the great masses of his race of dense ignorance and superstition, weak will-power, and but small sense of responsibility. They stand in great need of the sort of education which consists largely in learning by doing, and which trains the whole man into economic efficiency and Christian character.

President Eliot, in his address before the National Educational Association, quoted Emerson as saying that the acquisition of some sort of manual skill and the practice of some form of manual labor are essential elements of culture. "This idea," said President Eliot, "has more and more become accepted in the systematic education of youth." Manual training and manual labor, then, are recognized by the highest authority in this country as important factors in the education of

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the highest type of man that the country can produce. It would certainly seem that they should be considered essential parts of the training of a people only a few generations removed from barbarism. All agree that character is the main object of education. How is that best produced? By the study of books, or by the intelligent performance of daily work? Probably by a judicious combination of the two.

The relative importance of providing young people with broad mental culture and of preparing them to earn their own living must be considered in any system of education. There is beginning to be, throughout the country, a realization of the fact that the real ends of education have often been neglected in an excessive attention to the school machine. President Eliot says, "It cannot be denied that there is serious and general disappointment in the results of popular education up to this date." "The cry of the land," declares Phillips Brooks, "is for a moral influence to go out from the schools and colleges." And Herbert Spencer goes to the root of the matter when he says, "The fact is that scarcely any connection exists between morality and the discipline of ordinary teaching. Mere culture of the intellect (and education as usually conducted amounts to little more) is hardly at all operative upon conduct." Now, if conduct and character are or ought to be the real objects of education, and our system of academic training is confessedly not altogether successful in producing character even among a people who have the advantage of generations of discipline behind them, who have good homes and all that makes for the best in life, is it exactly the right kind of education for the negro? Is the ordinary course of study given in our public schools, which has not produced the hoped-for results among any of our people, just the sort of training best adapted to the masses of a race which inherits sloth and lack of will-power from ancestral life in a tropical country, and whose experience in slavery deprived them of homes of their own and but slightly fostered responsible action? In regard to the Hawaiians, a race, at the time of which he wrote, in a stage of development similar to that of the negroes, General Armstrong noted the fact that although ninety-five per cent. of them, from five to twenty-one, were at school, yet they were decaying. "Spelling-books," he says, "do not, as a matter of course, make manly fiber, and practical self-restraint is not the immediate result of learning."

The aims of negro education must be the same as those for any other race; but differences in conditions necessitate differences in methods. While every opportunity for advanced training should be given to those capable of receiving it, there seems no doubt that in the education of most of the leaders as well as of the masses of the colored race stress should be laid upon the sort of education which, at the same time that it imparts economic independence, develops mind and character. We believe with General Armstrong that an institution especially devoted to colored youth must provide a training more than usually comprehensive; must include both sexes and a variety of occupations; must produce moral as well as mental strength; and while making its students first-rate mechanics, must also make them first-rate men and women. The foundation of character must be the first consideration. The negro lacks continuity. He turns easily from one thing to another. Therefore he should be encouraged to anchor himself by buying land and establishing a home. The creation of an intelligent work-habit is one of the most important features of his education. The habit of working systematically and steadily should be formed in the public schools. It is there that a love for agriculture and other industrial pursuits may most easily be instilled.

And this manual training is not needed in negro schools alone. At a recent Hampton Conference, a Northern man, the principal of a Connecticut normal school, said that native Americans were being supplanted in the factories of his State by better-trained foreign workmen. He claimed that the remedy for this condition lay in the introduction of manual training into the public schools. A Southern man, the Superintendent of Schools for Virginia, attributed the comparative poverty of his State to the lack of agricultural and mechanical instruction in its schools; and several of the prominent colored men present spoke strongly in favor of an education that would teach

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their people how to live and how to work intelligently. The Indian day-schools are doing much in this direction. Each one is taught by a man and his wife, and combines farm, home, and school. The boys are taught farming as well as arithmetic, and the girls are trained in the duties of home life. Similar schools for negroes are to be found here and there in the South. In the various outgrowths of Hampton and Tuskegee the industrial features are emphasized. The Calhoun School in Alabama carries on true settlement work, training its young people in the duties of home and community life, and by means of its Land Company encouraging their parents to acquire property and become useful, self-respecting citizens. In Virginia, through the Southern Industrial Classes, cooking, sewing, gardening, and bench work have been established in the colored schools of Norfolk, Portsmouth, Hampton, and Newport News, and in many rural communities. A more general introduction of such courses into the public schools of the country could not fail to result in a closer correlation of school with real life. Habits of work would be inculcated, and a new appreciation of common things would lead to less artificiality and greater usefulness. Above all, the pupils' moral and mental fiber would be strengthened, and the schools would be less open to the accusation that they fail to produce men and women.

But the work begun in the public schools should not end there. Manual training of some kind should enter into every department of education. It should be a part of the curriculum of our colleges and theological seminaries. That should not be called a higher education which enables a man to escape from the labor of the hand. We used to think that the study of books was the only source of culture. Fortunately, we are now beginning to realize that culture does not depend on this alone. "We are becoming convinced that some intimate, sympathetic acquaintance with the natural objects of the earth and sky adds greatly to the happiness of life, and that this acquaintance should be begun in childhood and developed all through adolescence and maturity." The shop and the farm as well as books are needed to make a truly educated man. This is true of every part of our country, but it is especially true of the South, where eighty per cent. of the whole population live in the country, and it applies still more particularly to the negro, whose salvation is to be won out of the soil.

To Sleep

By Mary Page Bird

Oh, healing Sleep, why art so shy of me?
I, who have wooed thee from my childhood's day;
The night without thee marked a lonely way,
The stars looked down upon a silent sea.
I missed the sweetness of security,
While in their little beds the others lay
And dreamed their little dreams of love and play,
And I without thee tossing feverishly.

Oh! wilt thou never look on me with generous eyes
Till, forced to these poor arms, the moment when
Death gives thee to me solves all mysteries—
A sleeping and forgetting shunned of men?
As now I grudge thee no sweet sacrifice,
Oh, gentle Sleep, be tender to me then!

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The German Elections and the Social Democrats

By G. Monroe Royce

THE elections which have just taken place throughout the German Empire have created, or rather revealed, a political situation which, if not critical, is at least exceedingly interesting. Out of a total of about seven million and a half votes, nearly one-half were cast by the Social Democrats. But this means more than the mere figures indicate; for, taken together with the other parties that are known to be unfriendly to the Government, it proves beyond doubt that a large majority of the German people are resolutely opposed to the present régime of officialism, militarism, and tariff. This it certainly does mean, if nothing more. There is, in fact, scarcely any Government party left in the Reichstag—the Conservatives being the only party the Government can call its own, and this is a small and a constantly diminishing body. Other parties, such as the Centrum, or Clericals, and the Agrarians, frequently support the Ministry when it suits their convenience; but always for reasons of their own and interests of their own, and never for pure love of the Government. The Emperor and his Ministers fully appreciate their strange and somewhat precarious position, and rely almost wholly upon the hope that they may be able in the future, as they have been in the past, to play off the Clericals, the Agrarians, and most of the other parties—which number about a dozen—against the solid front and menacing attitude of the Social Democrats. But we shall see what we shall see—as the French say. This, then, is the situation, and there is nothing like it in any country in Europe or America, and I doubt if there ever was. Such a condition of things would be quite impossible in England, France, or Italy, or any other country where there is any semblance of a popular form of government. And yet in some respects, or at least in one respect, the German is the most popular of all forms of national government, for it comes nearer to universal suffrage even than England, and the members of the Imperial Diet or Parliament are the direct representatives of the expressed will of the people. But, in spite of this fact, they, the chosen members of the nation's congress, are unable to make or unmake governments. They can have nothing whatever to say as to who shall or who shall not belong to the governing body—that is, the Imperial Cabinet.

In England, France, or Italy the defeat of a Government measure of first importance means a change at once in the personnel of the Government to harmonize with the will of the nation's chosen representatives. Not so in Germany. Here the Government may be beaten on every one of its cherished measures and still remain in office. So that while the Imperial Diet represents the people, the Government represents, and represents only, the Emperor. The Emperor alone appoints and dismisses the Ministers, and they are responsible to him and to him only. There exists, therefore, in Germany the strange anomaly of a wholly popular national legislative body on the one hand, and a wholly autocratic imperial government on the other; and now that these two forces confront each other in hostile array, it looks as though something interesting might happen. At any rate, it seems very like a critical moment in the political and economic German world, and I feel sure that a brief account of the circumstances that have led up to this apparent crisis will be found interesting to English and American readers.

I write from Germany, where I have resided for nearly five years, and where I have been a somewhat close student of the trend of things, political and social, so far as my imperfect knowledge of the language would permit. I have not, however, depended entirely upon my own observations, as I have had kind friends among the knowing ones on all sides who have kept me informed, and with whom I

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have discussed from time to time the progress of events—the chief feature of which has been, of course, the rise and amazing growth of the Social Democratic party.

The history of this party thus far is compassed within the life of a single man—Herr Ferdinand Augustus Bebel. Herr Bebel was born near Cologne in 1840, and educated as a turner. He became a Socialist under the leadership of Liebknecht, and was the main influence in bringing together the followers of Marx and Lassalle, out of which he formed the Social Democratic party, and has been from the first its unchallenged leader. Herr Bebel's leadership has been abundantly justified by events, and he made no vain and empty boast when he declared the day after the election, in his paper the "Vorwärts," that "Berlin is the capital and Germany the empire of the Social Democratic party." Berlin returns six members to the Reichstag, five of whom were chosen by the Social Democrats on the first ballot; and the sixth requires a second ballot, with the probabilities strongly in favor of the Socialist candidate. Thus it appears that the whole delegation to the Reichstag from the capital city of the Empire will be members of the Social Democratic party. In the kingdom of Saxony—where Herr Bebel gained his first seat in the Reichstag—the Social Democrats have captured eighteen out of twenty-three seats on the first ballot, and all the other seats require a second vote. Out of these five contested seats the Socialists will surely secure three, so that we have, as one writer puts it, a whole kingdom, bag and baggage, going over into the Social Democratic camp. Whatever may be the result of the second ballot in Saxony, we know already that the Social Democrats have just doubled their vote within five years in this kingdom. This enormous increase is accounted for in a great measure by the reactionary methods of the Saxon Government, which has abolished universal suffrage within its own domain so far as it was able to do so. We have here in Saxony the curious political spectacle of a local parliament from which all Social Democrats are excluded; and yet this kingdom sends to the Imperial Parliament a solid body of Social Democratic representatives. In Essen, where the Emperor made his famous speech over the grave of Herr Krupp, denouncing the Social Democrats as slanderers and murderers, this party has increased its vote since 1898 from four thousand four hundred to twenty-two thousand. "This is the way the people answer the Emperor's libels," said one of the German papers last week. Munich is the capital of the second State in the German Empire in point of inhabitants and territory. The city has a population of about five hundred thousand, of whom only fifty thousand are Protestants. And yet the Social Democrats have gained in this strong Roman Catholic city more than twenty thousand votes since the last election, and now outnumber the Clericals (the Roman Catholic party) by more than two to one. This is ample proof, if further proof were needed, that the Church and religion play but a very small part in this great German social upheaval. These elections settle all doubt concerning the cities and industrial centers. Berlin, Munich, Leipsic, Dresden, and the three free cities of Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck, are all solidly in line for the cause of Social Democracy. Cologne, the stronghold of the Clerical party, is the only important city that still holds out, but with diminished force. "The country, that is to say the purely agricultural districts, are the only enemies of the Socialists that have anything left that is worth fighting for," said a German to me yesterday. "They make up the Agrarian party, which is the most stupidly selfish party in Germany." But even this party is showing signs of disintegration—if there is any truth in the saying that straws tell which way the wind blows. On this point I venture to give for what it is worth a case that has come under my own personal observation.

The little village of Grünwald in Bavaria, where I have had a summer residence for four years, is a purely agricultural community, and there is but one Protestant, so far as I know, in the whole district represented by this village. Farming, of one kind or another, but always in a very small way, is the only industry. The priest and the schoolmaster act together, and are the authorities on all religious and educational matters. There has never been, during my residence here, a

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public meeting held to advocate the principles of Social Democracy; and I had supposed that this was practically a unanimous Clerical constituency with Agrarian proclivities. But here is how these Roman Catholic peasant farmers have just voted: The total vote cast was 65. Out of this the Clericals polled 34, or barely a majority; the Agrarians 12, the Social Democrats 13, and the Liberals 6. The Social Democrats increased their vote in this little village since last election from 3 to 13. There was not one Conservative, *i. e.*, Government, vote cast. It appears from this that it may not be long before the village also capitulates to the Social Democrats. It indeed seems true that wherever the Social Democrats get a hearing, they get the votes. There are many striking details of these elections, all pointing to something resembling a universal conversion of the industrial classes to Social Democracy. The peasants are scattered over a wide area, and are always the last to be reached by any propaganda. But all German voters under the age of fifty can read and write, and the daily paper is now the most effective means of carrying on an agitation of any sort.

Of course the quidnuncs offer all sorts of explanations that do not explain; one of which is that the people will support any party that offers the most uncompromising opposition to the Government. This is a political philosophy as frankly pessimistic as anything could well be, and there may be a grain of truth in it. But no merely negative principle can go a great way in accounting for so positive a revolution—a revolution which is not merely or principally political, but industrial, economic, and social in the very widest sense. You cannot educate a whole nation of people, as the Germans are educated, and then expect them to be silent while their industrial and social interests are either wholly neglected or foully betrayed. The Social Democratic party in Germany is not so much a political as an industrial and social party. It does not take political preferment except as a means for industrial and social improvement; and this is perfectly well understood, and it is this that is winning for it the favor of the people. The signs of this popular favor are everywhere felt, if not always seen. It was thought for a time that none but laborers and artisans could be attracted by this Socialist programme. But we know better now. This election has shown that the small merchant and trader, the small banker and builder, the doctor, the teacher, the professor, all have come to see and to know that the Social Democratic programme has many things to offer that they desire.

And now just what programme does the Social Democratic party in Germany offer? But it is better perhaps first to say what it does not offer. It does not offer State Socialism, as so many outsiders suppose. Except in a very limited sense, State Socialism is, or rather was, an Imperial measure, introduced by Bismarck to neutralize the effect of Social Democracy. His famous saying that every man has the right to work, and that the State should allow no man to go hungry, was State Socialism; and Bismarck was not afraid of the word Socialism, but used it on many occasions and in the frankest possible manner. There was, indeed, a period in Bismarck's career when he seemed to have been an honest convert to Socialism, in a very true sense. This was the time of his admiration and warm friendship for the brilliant Socialist Lassalle. His plans for State insurance and old-age pensions were Socialistic plans; but they were plans that centered in and gave strength to the Imperial Government. Germany has many such Socialistic features, which the Social Democrat accepts, such as State railways, telegraphs, telephones, etc. But there is nothing democratic in any of these State monopolies, as at present conducted; for they are all centralized in the most intense way, and are administered by an officialism which is often as insolent and arbitrary as a pure military government.

Bismarck, seeing that Socialism was inevitable in some form or other, hoped to emasculate it, or in some way destroy its dangerous tendencies, by placing it under Imperial supervision; and when he found that he could not succeed in doing this, he tried to stamp it out by repressive measures of the most thoroughgoing sort. The pretext for this energetic course he found in two attempts which were made upon the life of William I. The Social Democratic party was in no way implicated,

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directly or indirectly, with these attempts at assassination, but Bismarck contended that it was, and really succeeded in persuading the public that it was; and the Social Democrats all over Germany were hunted like criminals from house to house. Their public meetings were interrupted and disbanded by the police in the most arbitrary manner and on the slightest pretext. These high-handed methods by the Iron Chancellor seemed for a time to succeed, and Social Democracy ran down to a very low ebb. Bebel, Liebknecht, Vollmar, and other leaders were frequently imprisoned, and for long periods. But, whether in prison or out of prison, these Socialists were always returned to the Reichstag. On the accession of the present Emperor and the dismissal of Bismarck from the post of Imperial Chancellor, the Social Democratic party again became an outward political power, and has grown rapidly in public favor ever since. That it is not Anarchistic is shown by the fact that early in its history it first broke with Bakunin and afterwards with Kropotkin. It also excluded John Most from its body, and forced him to leave Germany. It has never advocated or been responsible for any act of murderous violence, for it knows only too well that industrial amelioration can be brought about only by peaceful means. Social Democracy is not communism, as it advocates the right of private ownership under proper limits. And now, once again, what is Social Democracy? Its principle, broadly speaking, is collectivism; its programme, briefly stated, is municipal ownership of the means of production, and a just distribution of the wealth produced. Social Democracy advocates, of course, the State ownership of the postal system, railways, telegraphs, and all the means of transportation that the municipality cannot control. But these things are virtually accomplished facts in Germany, and need no further advocacy. The principle and programme of this party are neither "Anarchism," "Communism," nor "Utopianism." They are sane, practical, and just, and may be realized in any body politic without violence. Of course they would require some readjustments in the present economic methods that might disturb for the nonce the universal practice of private ownership in almost everything. But no injustice to any person need follow; and this readjustment could be carried out in the most peaceable manner.

It will be seen that, both as regards principle and programme, the Social Democratic party does not commit itself to any system of State government, nor to any attitude toward the Church, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant. Those things it leaves to take care of themselves, but it intimates that if they know what is good for them they will not get in the way of this social and industrial evolution. This defines the situation exactly. Previous movements of this sort have first of all announced some theory or method of State government, and taken up some attitude toward the Church and religion. The Social Democratic movement does neither. It conducts an industrial and social propaganda along the lines of natural evolution, and leaves political systems and religious cults to decide their own fate. Its leaders have declared that religion is a private matter, with which this propaganda has nothing to do. Yet it goes without saying that this social and industrial revolution, though peaceful, cannot fail to affect in a most fundamental way the political and religious systems with which it is more or less in conflict. Moreover, it would be unnatural to suppose that this Social Democracy has no political nor religious ideals. As Herr Bebel has put it, "we aim in the domain of politics at Democracy or Republicanism, and in the domain of economics at Socialism that is collectivism." But they recognize that these are distinct and separate "domains," and they do not intend to confuse the issues and thereby defeat both objects.

Of course such economic changes as the Social Democratic party contemplates would not be long in securing a political form of government most favorable to their requirements, and this is the danger that threatens the present form of Imperial Government in Germany. But while the principles of Social Democracy are very definite, they are at the same time very flexible in form, and may accommodate themselves for the moment to all kinds of political systems, so long as their vitality is not impaired. Social Democracy does not feel itself called upon to run atilt at every political windmill it sees. Oppor-

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tunism is just as serviceable and just as sensible here as in the domain of party politics. The leaders of this movement have learned wisdom through experience, and are not disposed any longer to sacrifice success for the sake of some questionable political or economic dogma. They have, in fact, ceased to be dogmatists. They are not only able leaders but practicable leaders. Herr Bebel is unquestionably the ablest leader in the Reichstag. Says the greatest living historian, Professor Mommsen: "The Social Democracy is the only great party which has any claim to political respect. Everybody in Germany knows that with brains like those of Herr Bebel it would be possible to furnish a dozen noblemen from the east of the Elbe in a fashion that would make them shine among their peers."[1] Herr von Vollmar is second only to Herr Bebel in ability. He belongs to the nobility by birth and training. He served through the Austrian war as a cavalry officer. He fought in the Bavarian army during the Franco-Prussian war, where he was wounded and made a cripple for life. He attained the rank of colonel, but threw up his commission for the cause of Socialism, in which he has worked ever since. His constituency is Munich, where he has just received an increase of twenty per cent. in the volume of his votes over the last election.

And, finally, what is the attitude of the Social Democrats toward the present Government's régime?

1. It would abolish the oppressive tariffs and establish free trade. (2) It would destroy militarism by transforming the standing army into a localized militia. (3) It would uproot officialism by vesting the appointing power in local bodies, and not in a centralized bureau.

[1] I take this extract from a quotation made in an article by Mr. Eltzbacher.

Now what will the Emperor and his Ministry do in the face of this army of three million Social Democrats? Will they, or rather he, accept the situation and bow before the inevitable? If so, he will have to dismiss his plans for a great navy and his dream of "world politics," and be content to reign over a peaceful, industrial, Socialistic Democracy. But if he should attempt repressive measures, what then? He will find that Germany has grown enormously in independence and in the knowledge of self-government since Bismarck's time. The last elections have shown that the Social Democrats constitute almost, if not quite, one-half of the German people, and it will be impossible to suppress such a determined body of intelligent citizens.

The Social Democrats have cast three million votes, but that they will secure seats in the Imperial Diet corresponding to their actual political strength no one expects. In the last Parliament the Social Democrats held only 57 seats, representing a popular vote of 2,107,100, and the Clericals were given 102 members on a popular vote of but 1,455,100. The average number of votes for each Social Democrat was therefore 36,966, while the average number of votes for the Clerical members was but 14,266—considerably under one-half the number of votes represented by each Social Democrat in the Reichstag. The Liberals, Conservatives, and all the other parties have each a much smaller basis for their representatives than the Social Democratic party. Should this party receive its just proportion, it would number about 175 members in the next Reichstag, and would virtually control all legislation. This enormous disproportion between the votes and the representatives of the Social Democratic party in the national Parliament is a grievance of the most serious character, into which, however, I cannot now enter.

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Taking Chances

By George Kennan

OF all the trout streams that fall into the Atlantic on the eastern side of Cape Breton Island, North River is perhaps the most picturesque and attractive. Heading in a wild mountain gorge about twenty miles north of Baddeck, it runs southeastward through a beautiful park-like valley to St. Ann's Bay, in an almost unbroken series of tumbling cascades, swift rapids, and broad shady pools, twelve or fifteen feet deep, where the foam-flecked water circles lazily over great reefs of sunken rocks, and where silvery trout, that have just come in from the sea, stop to rest and frolic as they run up-stream to their distant spawning-places.

I always went to North River for a few days' fishing in the early summer, if I could get any one to go with me; and when Mr. H——, who was the most enthusiastic and perhaps the most skillful angler of my acquaintance, proposed one morning that we drive over to the head of St. Ann's Bay and spend a day or two on North River and the Barassois, I caught eagerly at the suggestion. We left Baddeck at half-past eight, and after a ride of twenty miles reached the little farm-house of "the Squire"—our fishing headquarters—about half-past eleven. Kenneth, our Cape Breton driver, carried all of our equipment into the Squire's cozy parlor, and there we unpacked our bags, collected our tackle, and got ready for the river.

"You're not going to fish with that old rod, are you?" I inquired, as we went out to put our things into the wagon.

"What's the matter with that rod?" Mr. H—— replied, looking affectionately at the implement in question, and trying its elasticity in the air. "That's the best wooden rod I ever had."

"It may have been all right when it was new," I rejoined, "but it's played out. You've broken it two or three times already, and it's so patched up with gimp and surgeon's plaster that it's no good. It's too light for these waters, anyway; I don't believe it would hold an active tommy-cod."

"You don't know as much about fishing-tackle as you do about some other things," he replied, coolly. "That's a great rod; I've killed many a hundred pounds of trout on that rod; the splices don't hurt it any."

"Don't they! They make it look broken-backed and knock-kneed, besides spoiling the spring of it; I couldn't cast a straight line thirty feet with such a rod as that."

"No," he said, reflectively; "probably you couldn't, but I can."

"Why don't you take one of your new rods?" I persisted. "You've got half a dozen in the house; if you happen to strike a five-pound trout on that rickety old thing, you're going to lose him."

"Perhaps!" he replied, with provoking self-confidence, "and perhaps not; I'll take the chances."

"All right," I said, "take 'em, if you want to—chances are all you're likely to take, with that rod. I'll bet two to one you lose the first big fish you strike."

"Don't bet against that rod with me," he replied, laughingly. "If you do, you'll get left. Do you remember the song about 'the man behind the gun'? There's going to be a man behind that rod, as well as a big fish at the end of it."

Just at that moment the old Squire came out, bareheaded, to ask at what time we would like to have supper.

"About dark, Squire," replied my companion. "We'll fish up the river to the lower fall and back, and Kenneth can meet us with the wagon at Smith's Pool late in the afternoon."

Kenneth gathered up the reins, shouted "Get up out o' that!" to the tired horses, drove down a steep descent to the main road, and then over the shoulder of a big hill into the valley of North River.

Smith's Pool, where we intended to begin fishing, was a beautiful sheet of deep water, one hundred and fifty feet long and seventy-five feet wide, with a cascade at its upper end and a long, turbulent rapid below. It was fringed on the southern side by a dense growth of willows and alders, and on the north it was bounded by a high, rocky buttress crowned with trees, and a long beach of big water-worn pebbles which Mr. H—— called "the stone-pile." As the buttress on one side

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and the alders on the other interfered to some extent with back-casting, the best places to stand were the pebble beach and a submerged ledge of rock, just below the cascade, at the very head of the pool. The ledge and the beach were on the same side of the stream, and were only sixty or seventy feet apart; but as they were separated by a deep bay, whose margin was thickly fringed with alders, it was by no means an easy task to get from one to the other. If a man should strike a big fish from the ledge, and the fish should run down-stream into the lower rapid, it would be impossible to follow him without swimming the bay, or crawling around the head of it through the bushes. The ledge, moreover, was a dangerous place to stand. It was nothing but a submerged shelf of slippery rock, and a man who waded out on it and stood there knee-deep in a rushing current, with the cascade behind him and fifteen feet of water directly in front, took several kinds of chances.

As Mr. H—— insisted that I should have the choice of positions, I forded the lower rapid and began casting from the pebble beach opposite the center of the pool. After a few experimental casts from the other side, he also crossed the stream, went up above me, crawled through the bushes at the head of the little bay, and waded cautiously out on the submerged ledge.

It was evident, even before we had taken our places, that the river was full of fresh-run trout, and that many of them were large. Circular ripples were constantly appearing over a deep-lying reef of sunken rocks opposite the stone-pile, and now and then I could see a flash-like gleam of silver as a big fish darted up from the depths of the pool, flurried the surface with a frolicsome sweep of his tail, and then vanished under cover of the disturbance that he had made. Almost every cast was followed by a quick responsive rise, and in half an hour I had taken six or eight fish, ranging in weight from a pound and a quarter to two pounds and a half. I looked up-stream occasionally at Mr. H——, and saw that he was casting with a short line over the head of the pool and drawing his fly slowly across the current, ten or fifteen feet below the cascade. Up to that time he had caught nothing; and I was just about to suggest that he should join me on the pebble beach, when my fly, which I had allowed to sink a few inches under water, was suddenly taken by a very large trout and carried in a fierce rush to the opposite side of the pool. Almost at the same instant Mr. H—— shouted, with more excitement than he generally permitted himself to show, "Oh, Kennan! I've got a whale!" I glanced toward the head of the pool and saw that he was wading slowly and cautiously off the sunken ledge toward the sloping face of the rocky buttress, with his crippled rod bent into a dangerously narrow arch over the deep water just below the cascade. I had time, however, only for a hasty glance. My own fish was making such an energetic fight that I couldn't watch the movements of my companion, even if he did have a "whale." After half a dozen frenzied rushes, my trout settled down among the rocks at the very bottom of the pool and sulked—resisting, without apparent effort, the utmost strain that I dared put upon him. While he lay there, making up his mind what he would do next, I had a chance to look again at Mr. H——. To my great surprise, his rod was still bent over the stretch of water directly under the cascade, and his line had not moved a foot.

"What have you got there?" I cried. "A snag?"

"Not much! I don't hook snags. I've got a big trout—that's what!"

"But why doesn't he do something?" I inquired, skeptically. "You've had him on ten minutes, and he hasn't moved a foot."

"Don't you worry! He'll do something all right when he gets good and ready. I'm trying to figure out what I'll do when he makes a break; I can't get around through those bushes without giving him slack, and I'm afraid to play him from here. I wish I were down on your beach."

Five minutes more passed without any particular change in the situation. Mr. H—— lessened the spring of his rod, then increased it almost to the breaking point, and then suddenly lessened it again; but the obstinate fish at the end of the line kept close to the cascade, where the down-rush of water counteracted, to some extent, the upward strain.

"I believe that trout weighs all of six pounds," he said, as he concluded his

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experiments. "I can't move him an inch. My rod feels as if I were fast to a tombstone."

"You're probably fast to a rock or an old snag," I said, with an assumed air of conviction. "No trout just in from the ocean would lie perfectly still for a quarter of an hour with a hook in his mouth and a steady pull like that on him; he'd rush, from the word go. Did you see him when he rose?"

"No, he took the fly two or three feet under water; I let it sink in an eddy."

"Get hold of the line," I suggested, "then you can tell what you're fast to."

"I know a better way than that," he replied. "If you think it's a snag, just watch out!" and, picking up a big stone from the slope of the rocky buttress, he tossed it into the pool, just below the cascade.

Then things suddenly began to happen. With a shrill whir of the reel, Mr. H——'s line started swiftly down-stream under the arch of my rod, cutting the water like a thin knife-blade, and leaving a fine V-shaped ripple in its wake. Fifty feet ran out—seventy-five feet—a hundred feet—a hundred and forty feet—without the slightest variation in the sharp metallic buzz of the whirling reel.

"Stop him!" I shouted. "You've *got* to stop him! He's almost in the lower rapid!"

Mr. H—— checked his reel suddenly; the long sagging line lifted and tightened; the rod bent with the increasing strain until I expected every instant to see it snap; and out of the shallow water at the extreme lower end of the pool leaped a bar of polished silver, two feet or more in length.

"Aha!" I shouted, in fierce excitement. "It's a salmon! Now, Mr. Man Behind the Rod, you've got your work cut out for you! Don't you wish now that you'd taken my advice? You'll never get that fish with your old broken-backed cripple of a rod!"

"Don't bank too much on what you don't know," he retorted. "I'll get him all right if you'll keep your trout out of the way."

The salmon leaped two or three times, just above the lower rapid, and then started up-stream, throwing the whole pool into commotion. Two more salmon, whose presence we had not even suspected, sprang into the air over the reef of submerged rocks; my trout made a frightened rush toward the cascade; and Mr. H——'s line suddenly slackened, fell into the water, and disappeared. I thought for an instant that his rod had broken, and that in the tangle we should lose both fish; but he was merely changing his base of operations. In order to get to the beach where I stood, he was struggling around the little bay, holding his rod high above his head and shifting it from hand to hand to clear the bushes. In a moment he joined me, passed his rod under mine so as to uncross our lines, ran to the lower end of the beach, reeled in the slack until he could feel the tug of the fish, and then shouted: "Keep your trout near the head of the pool if you can, and I'll play the salmon below. We're all right if they don't run around each other and get mixed."

By putting a heavy strain on the trout and reeling in every inch of line I could get, I managed to hold him near the mouth of the little bay, giving the salmon a free range outside and below. For the next half-hour all our energies and all our skill were devoted to the work of tiring those two big fish and keeping them apart. We were succeeding fairly well, when, in the very midst of the struggle, Mr. H——, whose attention nothing escaped, shouted: "Kennan! There's a mink stealing fish out of your basket; if you don't stop him you won't have a trout left."

I had put my creel in a cool, shady place just back of the beach, where I thought it would be perfectly safe, and the daring little beast was busily engaged in carrying my trout up into the woods. For the next quarter of an hour we had to fish with one hand, throw stones with the other, and carry on a sort of triangular fight with mink, trout, and salmon.

At the end of a forty-five minute struggle I finally gaffed my trout, which weighed nearly four pounds, moved my fish-basket to a safer place, and sat down on the beach to eat my luncheon. When I had finished, Mr. H—— said, persuasively, "Now, Kennan, won't you take this salmon for a little while and give me a chance to eat? I'm hungry and tired."

"If I take him," I replied, "it must be with the distinct understanding that you're

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not to hold me responsible for anything that happens. I haven't a bit of confidence in your crazy old rod—at least in my hands—and if I lose your fish, as I probably shall, you're not to throw it up to me, nor say to anybody that you hooked a big salmon and then Kennan bungled and let it get away. I'll do the best I can, but you've got to take all the chances and say nothing whatever."

"All right!" he replied, "I'll risk it. If you lose him, I won't say a word. Keep all the strain you can on him, and if he starts to run down-stream, I'll come to the rescue."

I took the rod, and Mr. H—— sat down on the beach to eat his lunch and smoke.

"It's a curious thing," he said, "that I should so often strike salmon when I'm fishing for trout. Only a week or two ago, on Middle River, I hooked one with a small fly and on a very light rod. I was alone that day; I hadn't any gaff; and how I was going to land him I didn't know. I held a heavy strain on him for two or three hours, threw stones at him every time he sulked, kept him constantly on the move, and finally tired him out—or at least tired him so that I thought I could get him ashore. When he began to turn occasionally on his side, I led him slowly and carefully into shallow water, and then, just before his belly touched the sand, I threw myself down on him at full length and scooped him out on to the beach with my hands. It wasn't a very sportsmanlike proceeding, but I got my fish. I had just killed him, and was filling my pipe for a smoke, when a red-bearded Highlander rose slowly to his feet in the bushes, not fifty feet away, looked at me with a humorous smile, and said, 'Hahn-somely done, Misther H——! an' it's a fine sawmon, whatefer!'

"'Confound you!' I said, 'have you been there all this time? Why didn't you come down and help me?' But he thought it was more fun to look on. He was just lying low in the bushes to see what I'd do with a ten-pound salmon on an eight-ounce rod—and no gaff!"

I played Mr. H——'s salmon cautiously and circumspectly for half an hour, and then surrendered the rod. He kept the strain on him for another hour and then begged for a relief. When I turned over the rod the second time, at half-past three, the fish was apparently as strong as ever, and the situation not at all encouraging. At half-past four Kenneth drove down to the pool with the wagon. The salmon was then so far subdued that he could be drawn toward the beach; but if I waded into the water with a gaff, he rushed away toward the head of the pool and recovered twenty yards of line in five seconds.

"Am I going to get him before dark, Kenneth?" inquired Mr. H——.

"I don't think!" replied Kenneth, laconically. But I began to have hopes. The fish was evidently getting very tired, and it didn't seem to me that he could hold out for another half-hour.

At five o'clock Mr. H—— drew him slowly and carefully toward the beach, and I waded out into the water with the gaff. In the eagerness and excitement of the moment I struck a little too soon, and missed him. He rushed away like a shot out of a gun, and recovered seventy-five feet of line before he could be checked. Mr. H—— made no remarks; but I knew what he thought, and, filled with wrath and humiliation, I said to him: "If you'll get that fish in once more, I'll gaff him if I have to wade out up to my neck!"

At a quarter past five the salmon was again within reach. I went cautiously down into the water over the tops of my boots, put the gaff out over him very slowly and carefully, lowered it until the point disappeared behind his back, and then struck with all the quickness and strength I had.

A moment later Mr. H—— and I were shaking hands over a fish that weighed only twelve pounds, but that had kept up a fight with two men for a whole afternoon. We had played him, by turns, four hours and three-quarters.

"Well," said Mr. H——, as we got into the wagon, "what do you think now of the 'broken-backed cripple of a rod'?"

"I don't think any more of it than I did before," I replied; "but I've got a higher opinion of the man behind it. I suppose you had confidence in your own skill; but when you waded out on that sunken ledge with that broken-backed cripple of a rod, you took big chances."

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Latin America and the United States

By C. Mayer

THE abrogation of the Monroe Doctrine has been advocated in certain remote quarters recently on the ground that it is a bar to the civilizing of those Latin-American countries of which Venezuela and Colombia are examples. With the recurring revolutions the argument is heard that these countries can be thoroughly civilized only by foreign intervention. If the observations of one citizen of the United States who has spent a number of years in Latin America and has devoted much attention to a study of its peoples is worth anything, he would assert that these peoples to-day are working out their own salvation.

The English are considered the greatest colonial rulers the world has ever seen. England has governed India for more than a century; but when we consider the frequent famines, epidemics, and insurrections which have occurred in India, the vast expenditures of millions of dollars in public charity, and the cost of maintaining the large army by which England preserves her rule, and then compare the stagnant civilization of India with the advancing civilization of Latin America since the close of the eighteenth century, surely no unbiased critic will say that Latin America has been less happily governed than India.

Did the French succeed in Martinique or Guiana? Have the English, Dutch, or Spanish succeeded in civilizing the natives of their South American colonies?

There are districts bordering on Mexico which, although half a century has elapsed since they received the benefit of the Constitution, are still in the same condition as when they were acquired by the Gadsden Purchase in 1853. We have not yet succeeded in civilizing the Indians. Rather, it has been a process of extermination. The negro question is still very much alive and unsettled.

Perhaps the only instance where a people has been partly civilized by outside influence is that of the Patagonian Indians, who, by the heroic efforts of the Jesuits, were partly civilized, but became sterile. Fiat civilization is a failure. Civilization cannot be decreed—it must be acquired by the slow process of development. Foreign governments do not civilize, they colonize. Montesquieu said of Spain: "To preserve America she did what even despotic power itself does not attempt: she destroyed the inhabitants." Witness in our own times the "reconcentrado" policy of General Weyler. The question therefore is not whether the Monroe Doctrine retards civilization, but whether the Monroe Doctrine is a "bar to extermination."

In sketches of South America some very important and peculiar features have been overlooked; features which, no doubt, explain some of the causes of the lack of progress of Latin America, and adequately account for the paucity of immigration which has so great an influence on the civilization of a backward people. Such are the two kinds of climate that are co-extensive with the two ethnological and political divisions. The countries having a pleasant and healthy climate—the Argentine Republic and Chili on the extreme south and Mexico on the extreme north—have a stable government, a large percentage of white, Indian, or half-caste Indian and white inhabitants, and a small percentage of negroes, Indians, or mixed breeds; while the other Latin-American countries have an extremely warm and unhealthy climate, almost intolerable to white men, an unstable government, and a population which is composed of a large percentage of negroes and a small percentage of whites, Indians, or half-caste Indians and whites.

It is customary to speak of the citizen of Latin America as badly governed and unhappy, and the foreigner as subject to frequent abuses and persecutions. While admitting that the people of these countries are badly governed—using the words in the same sense as when speaking of the government of England or France in the eighteenth century—still their government is compatible with the character and civilization of their people; the foreigners are more abusers than abused; and when one goes into the interior—

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away from the cities—he finds a people who live at all times in perfect contentment.

In order to describe the character of the people it is convenient to divide them into four groups:

(1) The Spaniards of pure blood, who form about eight per cent. of the total population, to which I would add the foreigners other than Spaniards, amounting to perhaps two per cent. of the total population.

(2) The peons, forming eighty per cent. of the total population. These are either descendants of native Indians and Spaniards, native Indians and negroes, or Spaniards and negroes, and are of every shade from white to black.

(3) The pure Indians, who are very few in number and of no political importance.

(4) The ruling class, comprising about ten per cent. of the total population, of either Spanish and Indian blood or Spanish with a heavy sprinkling of negro blood, with which I would include the renegade Spaniards.

The first group comprises the bankers, merchants, and their clerks. They have practically all the capital and culture of the country. In commercial dealing they are noted for their high standard of honor—one can deal with almost any Spaniard in Latin America. Be there stable or revolutionary government, they pay their obligations. They have become accustomed to revolutions and extortions, and adjust the prices of their merchandise to the political conditions. Since the days of Spanish rule they have refused political offices; but they lose no opportunity to embarrass the government—even to intrigue against a president, though he be a man of honor. They desire officials from whom they may obtain illegal privileges and immunities. They look back at the time when they were the ruling class, permitting none but a Spaniard to have a voice in the government, and they retain their implacable hatred of the natives.

The foreigners—other than the Spaniards or the Germans—emigrate to these countries to make money and then return to their native land. It is immaterial to them how they make it, so it is quickly made. They prefer revolution if they are on the inside, but any occupation will do. Among this class are the Americans, most of whom are the dregs of the United States. Arriving with little or no capital, they bid for the friendship of the officials, get the privilege of starting a gambling-house, rob the Spaniard—they love the green cloth—or join in a revolutionary movement.

Americans complain that they are frequently halted with a "Quien vive" and a Mauser leveled at them, or searched and jailed on apparently any trivial pretext; but the Latin Americans have learned that a dozen Americans in a town is a sign of some illegitimate traffic or some attempt to subvert the government.

The second group, forming eighty per cent. of the total population, are mostly the inhabitants of the Campo. Kind-hearted, docile, and sober, but ignorant, childish, and simple, they are quick to learn the rudimentary studies—such as are taught in the lower grades of an American primary school—but most of them are incapable of acquiring higher knowledge. Their religion is a composite of Catholicism and either African fetichism or prehistoric Indian worship. Marriage ceremonies performed by the Church being expensive, and civil marriages—where permitted by the law of the country—being contrary to their religion, more than half of the peons live in concubinage. However, this custom has not as demoralizing an effect as might be expected; they rarely separate, and they consider this tie almost as sacred as that of the Church. The children are recognized by the father, whose name they take when they are baptized. They have complete confidence in the curative powers of leaves, which they prepare in a *cocimiento*, and use for any affection, from tuberculosis to a broken arm. *Brujería*—witchcraft—is still practiced among them, and they repair to a *bruja* to find a lost ring, to secure a love potion, to reveal their future, to cast out devils, or to receive immunity from the law.

Subsisting on plantains, sweet potatoes, garlic, coffee, and sometimes a little sun-dried beef, the women wearing cheap cotton wraps, the men overalls, and the children nothing, they can live practically without labor. Many allow their nails to grow in the manner of the Mandarins, so as to show that they do no manual labor.

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Most of their food grows without cultivation, and even during an extended revolution where the plantains and sweet potatoes are destroyed, there still are the palm-tops with which to sustain life. They have no ambition, no desires, that cannot be satisfied. They spend their nights in playing savage games of which "Mata la Culebra" is a type. This game is played thus: A string is tied to a rag which has been rolled to represent a snake—*culebra*—and a knotted rag is attached to a stick. There are three players; one jerks the string, making the "snake" jump around, another is the hero who kills the snake, and the third stimulates the hero by continually beating him with the knotted rag. During the progress of the game the players dance, sing, and howl, much as the American savages in their war dances; and the spectators, standing in a ring around the players, join in the chorus. The peons who have learned to write spend the day composing "poetry"—the kind where the last words rhyme, the meter notwithstanding—to which the Spanish language so easily lends itself.

The fourth group contains the officials, revolutionists, lawyers, doctors, editors, etc. Devoid of morals, ambitious to wear a uniform, rejoicing in revolution, remembering the days when Spain rode roughshod over every human right in their country, they consider the Spanish their natural prey. Each one looks forward to the time when he shall become a Jefe. They despise the American and are suspicious of the Monroe Doctrine; but this may be readily accounted for when we see America in the light in which it is seen in Latin America. Let us look at our citizens and government from their standpoint. Our consuls in the smaller Latin-American towns are frequently natives who went to the United States to obtain citizenship, in order that they might return to join any revolutionary party and hang out the American flag should the scheme go wrong. The Americans may justly complain of these representatives of the United States, but it is difficult to find upright American citizens who will live in a town where the necessities of life—according to the American standard—cannot be bought, and where the perquisites amount to perhaps fifty cents per annum. Our consuls-general have usually been men of ability. With the exception of President Monroe, Mr. Bowen has done more to win the good opinion of the South Americans than any other American.

One class of our citizens who emigrate to these countries have already been referred to; the other, or better class, do not mix socially with the inhabitants and invariably return to the United States as soon as they have made their fortune.

Another cause of the feeling against Americans is the misleading press article. If one takes up a Latin-American newspaper and turns to the column of cables, he frequently finds a fictitious cable dated New York, containing some animadversion upon the people or government of the country. Sometimes the cable is a genuine extract from a speech delivered in America by a public man, but so extracted as to be unrecognizable by its author. There are also articles from American newspapers of the "yellow" type which find their way to Latin America and are translated and published. They purport to represent the American sentiment in some controversy, and are always uncomplimentary to Latin America. I remember a two-page article printed at the close of the century in a New York daily, showing a map of the western hemisphere in the year two thousand across which were the words "United States." This paper caused demonstrations in a South American town against the United States.

Being in Cuba some time ago, I was surprised to learn of the feeling against Americans; it seemed to me to show great ingratitude. However, by mixing with the people, I discovered that this feeling was caused rather by the instinct of race-preservation than by ingratitude. The Cuban newspapers were publishing almost every day a report of a speech delivered in Congress or an article copied from an American paper containing either derogatory remarks or advising the United States to annex them—or both. Perhaps it might have been the maiden speech of a Congressman, or a clipping from an unimportant daily of some town not on the map, but, in countries where the United States is supposed to consist of New York, with Washington in the yard and (since the Fair) Buffalo around the corner, any

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man in Congress is a statesman and any printed sheet a representative paper. By the dissemination of the true American sentiment towards these countries and the explanation of the Monroe Doctrine, we can change their opinion and bring them to understand that the United States is their natural friend and ally.

Before finishing this sketch of Latin America, I want to say a few words about the insignificance of our trade. Although South America is almost virgin soil for American goods, we can never hope to increase our exports by our present business methods. With the exception of some food products, in most Latin-American countries our goods are sold by catalogue, or through export companies; and, consequently, little is bought except specialties—such as tools, clocks, bicycles, shoes, patent medicines, etc.—which cannot be bought in other countries, or are so superior and cheap that they market themselves. Very few American manufacturers send representatives to these countries, and such representatives as they do send generally speak Spanish indifferently. They ask terms such as are customary in the United States; they do not seem to consider that the Spanish merchant is insulted if you try to sell for cash or on thirty days, and that he thinks this is a reflection on his credit; other foreign merchants are satisfied to sell their goods; they know the Spaniard always pays. Goods are not sold at a price which will not allow a margin for extra time. Cotton and linen goods, now mostly bought in Spain, could be sold by American houses if they would study the patterns and styles of South America. While we may prefer plain designs and pale tints, they are fond of gaudy plaids and bright colors. I think there is not a yard of cotton print manufactured in America which would suit their taste. Thousands of cases of English and Swiss condensed milk are sold in South America; whereas American brands, far superior in quality and purchasable at the same price, are unsalable. The English and Swiss condensed milk is labeled in Spanish, the American brands in English. Much claret is imported from Spain; and although the California wine is far superior, it is practically unknown.

Virtue, intelligence, and industry being the essentials of a republic, and, as we have seen, conspicuous by their absence in these countries, I believe that they can be ruled only by a despot. The question is, shall he be a petty despot—a native not despising the peons—who, when he has carried through a successful revolution, has ruled for a few months or a year, has fleeced the Spaniard, and has banked a million in Europe, is satisfied to retire to that home for South American revolutionists—Paris; or a penniless foreign noble who despises the peons, fleeces every one, banks in his own country, and returns when he has enough money to restore his ancestral castle and family grandeur?

If we turn to the history of Mexico, we shall see an instance of a country once ruled by petty despots, shaken from year to year by revolutions, and finally reclaimed from anarchy by a native genius, President Porfirio Diaz. Is it not possible that other Latin-American countries may some day develop a genius out of one of their petty tyrants who would reclaim his country? Some other solutions suggest themselves. Geologists claim that the northern coast of South America is fast sinking—why not await developments? Or, if we will neither wait, nor allow a foreign government to set up their despot, why not make the officials virtuous, the peons industrious, and then extend to them the benefits of our Constitution? We might build cotton-factories in order to sell them the raw material and the machinery. The peon, metamorphosed into a factory hand, would soon be civilized; he would learn to eat our pork instead of plantains—would he be happier? Addicted as they are to revolution, these countries are inhabited by a people eighty per cent. of whom, although semi-civilized, are perhaps the happiest people on earth. Let us not abrogate the Monroe Doctrine. Let us permit these people to work out their own salvation.

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The Art of James Lane Allen[1]

By Albert Elmer Hancock

THE quality of charm is seldom found in a work of art that is strikingly original. The genius of Rubens, for instance, so versatile and so dramatically inventive, lacks the appeal of charm, while Corot, who unostentatiously transfuses a commonplace landscape with silver dream as the light transfuses a pearl, has the haunting, elusive, abiding charm of twilight and dawn. Mr. James Lane Allen has hitherto been a subtle artist of the commonplace like Corot. His muse has stayed at home. He has lacked the swift action, the dramatic originality of invention, that give movement and stir to a narrative. His plots—single, uncomplicated threads knotted by slight incidents—have been developed on a stage whose setting is the vast cosmic spectacle of nature, and for his total impression he has relied more on the quiet orchestral harmonies of landscape than upon the interplay of human emotions. One's mind reverts inevitably to that supreme moment when the solitary Mrs. Falconer, after reading of John Gray's marriage, gathers about her face the veil and whispers, "I shall go softly all my years"—a tragic moment upon which the curtain falls while the instruments of nature, playing a strain like the Stabat Mater, die away into quenched, heartbroken silence. Mr. Allen's work has been conspicuous for its homeliness of universal tragedies and the subdued charm of its music.

"The Mettle of the Pasture," his latest novel, shows the same traits with additional powers. There is in this book the devotion to landscape, the interpretation of nature in terms of modern science, the studious research for "parallel passages" in the life of nature and man, the idyllic love of sensuous beauty transformed into the definement of spiritual things; all these are wrought out again for us with the artistic scruple of a poet for the perfect line. But to this idyllic grace he has added some eruptions of human passion which are unusual for him, and which, like explosives, unexpectedly burst with terrific force, tearing the heart.

The theme of the book is the double standard of purity for men and women. Rowan, the lover, forced by honor and the sacredness of his love, on the betrothal night confesses the one single slip of his youth; for his character will not permit him to base his expectant happiness on a lie. The girl, who loved him with all the possible intensity of faith and pure passion, recoils as from a hideous nightmare of hell. She rushes away from him, and in the agony of revolted nature contemns him as a man would contemn a woman of similar record. The one act was an indelible, inexorable stain. In a later interview—and here is where some of Mr. Allen's critics have failed to understand—she lashes him with an apparent self-regarding bitterness that is undoubtedly heartless, brutal. Then she commands him not to touch her, and, a moment later, as she takes her last farewell, trembling in the fear of woman's frailty to irresolution, she lays her hand on his forehead, passes her fingers over his lips, and touches her lips to his own. "'Good-by,' she murmured, against his face. 'Good-by! Good-by! Good-by!'"

Some reviewers cannot understand the paradox of the brutality and the love, but the consistency is in the fact that they are both expressions of her intense affection. Family feuds are always the worst. Men and women who love tepidly can jog along without much ruffling on the surface or in the deeps, but those who love with all the ardor of absorbing passion are as sensitive to irritation and reaction as bared nerves. Isabel's apparent brutality was the instinctive recoil—love's negative passion, as the horrible is often the beautiful negation of beauty, like Leonardo's "Head of Medusa." The paradox of the brutality and affection is as consistent as the swing of a pendulum, and those who cannot see it are simply incapable of understanding the psychology of the profoundest emotions.

The other scene, even more powerful in its dramatic suggestiveness, is where

[1] *The Mettle of the Pasture.* By James Lane Allen. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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Rowan, rejected, uncomplaining, a man of the blood of silent men, is alone at midnight in the indescribable loneliness of love's void. Candle in hand, he walks up and down the silent hall of his home, pausing before the portraits of his two grandfathers; the one, a stern Calvinist minister, looked down on him and seemed to say, "You are of those who, through the flesh, are chosen to be damned; if He chooses to damn you, then be damned, but do not question His mercy or His justice;" the other was an ancestor full of red blood out to the skin, an epicurean who seemed to say, "I am not alive to speak to you with my voice, but I have spoken to you through my blood. When the cup of life is filled, drink it deep. Why does nature fill it, if not to have you drink it?" and between these two, implying a denial of the will's free action and the inherited impulse of sin in the flesh, the young man, who had faltered for a single moment only, stands in the agony of his earthly damnation. He puts out the candle and climbs upstairs in the darkness, moaning, "To have one chance in life, in eternity, for a white name, and to lose it!"

There is something imaginatively symbolic in the extinction of the candle and the darkness. Between the insoluble question of the will's freedom and the overwhelming forces of heredity and environment there is no light, no hope, no mercy for erring mankind, and in that agony of the moment one can hear the condemned sinner's unvoiced cry of despair, "There is no God."

Mr. Allen has concluded his story in the only possible way for an optimist. There is mercy for the repentant sinner. Even as Christ abased himself and came down to suffer the indignities of men and the martyrdom of Golgotha, that divine love might be manifest as the ruling passion of God, so the girl, after three years of wandering over the world, after finding everywhere the record of woman's humiliation before man's sinful impurity, returns to reveal the triumphant glory of earthly love, and through that to open the gate of the man's earthly salvation.

Her decision to return opens up, also, the parting ways of argument. The dual standard of morals is an indignity which has been visited upon women for ages, and which has sanctioned the degradation of men. No one will dare to defend it logically. It is an indefensible fact, which, like the mystery of evil, is an inheritance of the race, and which only time and the regenerating forces of society will eradicate. Our argument must center about the method of correction. Shall the end be sought through justice—the stern lash of the whip—or through mercy, the appealing power of love? The victim must choose. Isabel, a single woman facing the dilemma that was at once tragic to her and to all womanhood, chose the healing power of mercy, and that was the power that trod the stony road of Calvary to the Cross.

> Therefore, Jew,
> Though justice be thy plea, consider this:
> That, in the course of justice, none of us
> Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy,
> And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
> The deeds of mercy.

Mr. Allen's work, as it is gradually presented to us, seems to indicate that he will probably take in our generation the place which Hawthorne occupied in his own—the place of the patient, gifted devotee of his art, which, though not versatile, has in addition to restrained power the note of inimitable charm; and charm abides where flashy originality becomes trite through imitations. Some, doubtless, will be reluctant to admit that his last venture, all things considered, is equal to "The Choir Invisible." After a man has created Mrs. Falconer—that portrait of the perfected humanity of womanhood—he cannot hope to do better. The anguish of Isabel's farewell cannot equal that tragic moment of the higher life when Mrs. Falconer saw the guilty blood rushing into John Gray's face. "'I don't understand,' she said, proudly and coldly, dropping her eyes and dropping her head a little forward before him, and soon becoming very pale, as from a death-wound." On the other hand, Rowan Meredith is the most truly heroic man that this author has given us. He has that superb dignity of silent suffering which commands respect. He has, too, a superb sense of honor; he chose to lose with truth rather than win by deceit. Both John Gray and David, the protagonist in "The Reign of Law," lacked a sense of manly perspective; they took themselves too seriously, and

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David particularly was too monotonously instructive. "The Reign of Law," moreover, was a belated book. It should have been published in 1888 along with that "heretical trinity" by Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Deland, and Olive Schreiner. The intelligent world had already come to David's point of view, and his perplexity had become a wearisome subject through the Andover and the Briggs controversies.

But, whatever the relative merits of detail in Mr. Allen's own books, one thing is certain: in dramatic interest "The Mettle of the Pasture" is an advance upon anything he has yet done. Even though he has adopted the digressive method, the main narrative, while hanging fire, absorbs the reader's imagination; in fact, it gains by the suspense and by the temporary diversion of attention. Readers of "Vanity Fair" will recall how powerfully Thackeray used this method in the description of the battle of Waterloo and George Osborne's death—a description which is a sequel illustration of "Murder as One of the Fine Arts;" and Mr. Allen, in using the same, technically speaking, has grown in command of artistic tactics. No one who desires to read the very best of contemporary fiction can afford to neglect this book; for, without any compromise of the highest dignity of art, he has treated a sensational theme as Hawthorne treated "The Scarlet Letter."

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Arnold's March from Cambridge to Quebec. By Justin H. Smith. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. 498 pages.

Professor Justin Smith, of Dartmouth, has published an admirable critical study of Arnold's march from Cambridge through the Kennebec Valley. By the despatch of Arnold's forces Washington hoped that he might possibly gain possession of Quebec. Arnold's route lay, of course, through a wilderness practically unknown, and the march itself was a continual conflict with sickness, famine, and flood. In Professor Smith's pages every detail of this march comes vividly before us to-day, although the line taken by the detachment now lies through a peopled country with which most readers are presumably familiar, and the American military invasion of Canada in 1775 is now being followed by the American commercial and industrial invasion of that country.

Bank Rate and the Money Market in England, France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium, 1844–1900. By R. H. Inglis Palgrave, F.R.S. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6½×10 in. 237 pages. $3.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Examination of Society (An): From the Standpoint of Evolution. By Louis Wallis. The Argus Press, Columbus, Ohio. 6×9½ in. 325 pages. $1.75, net.

This is the studious review of the history of civilization—Oriental, classical, and modern—as seen by an ardent single-taxer. The author's final chapter is devoted almost exclusively to taxation. The author believes, as do most of his fellow-believers, that the concentration of taxation upon land values will not only prevent monopoly of every form, but set free a vast fund of capital and labor for the development of unused natural resources. Nevertheless, he frankly admits that the confiscation of present land values by society cannot be accompanied by compensation without giving to landlords in the form of interest what they now receive in the form of rent, and leaving society without any fund from which under the single tax it could get revenues for public expenses. Of course he justifies confiscation without compensation on the ground that, if society as a whole creates land values, they rightfully belong to their creator.

Flora of the Southeastern United States: Being Descriptions of the Seed-Plants, Ferns, and Fern-Allies Growing Naturally. By John Kunkel Small, Ph.D. Published by the Author, New York. 6¼×10 in. 1,370 pages.

Dr. Small's impressive and very valuable work is based mainly on the collections at the New York Botanical Garden, where he is curator of the museums and the herbarium. His large volume covers descriptions of the flowering and fern plants growing naturally in the southeastern United States as bounded by the northern limits of North Carolina, South Carolina, Louisiana, Florida, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, and the Indian Territory, also in Oklahoma and Texas east of the one hundredth meridian. A general key to the orders precedes the main body of the flora, and there are also analytical keys to the orders, families, genera, and species, together with the geographical description of each species. The usual flowering period is stated after the geographical distribution, except in cases where plants bloom throughout the year.

Francis Adrian van der Kemp, 1752-1829: An Autobiography. Edited by Helen Lincklaen Fairchild. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×8½ in. 230 pages. Limited Edition.

An autobiography of the Hollander, Francis Adrian van der Kemp, is interesting not only because it recounts the life of a man well worth

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knowing, but because it gives—especially to American readers—certain glimpses of the life of some notable characters in this country at the end of the eighteenth century. Extracts from letters to Jefferson and Clinton are, therefore, not the least interesting part of this book. In turning these pages one is reminded of the bitterer experiences of those other emigrants from Holland to this country two centuries before—the Pilgrims.

Land of Faith (The). By James Mudge, D.D. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 4½×6 in. 183 pages. 25c.

Light Waves and Their Uses. By A. A. Michelson. (The Decennial Publications. Second Series, Vol. III.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 5½×9 in. 172 pages. $2, net.

This volume includes discussions, not always too technical for the ordinary reader, of wave motion and interference. The author's interesting conclusion is that the medium which propagates light-waves is not an ordinary form of matter. It probably exists not only where ordinary matter does not, but it also permeates all forms of matter.

Miracle of African Missions (A). By John Bell. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 139 pages. 60c., net.

This is the story of a Congo native from his childhood, through his persecution as a Christian convert, to his death from the mysterious "sleep-sickness." Though the diction is not always faultless, the narrative is simple, pictorial, and at times dramatic. If in some portions it is rather obscure, there is good reason in the fact that it comes for the most part from Matula himself. A vivid little tale like this does more to show wherein lies the real effectiveness of missionary labors than many a treatise.

Representative Art of Our Time, with Original Etchings and Lithographs and Reproductions of Oil and Water-Color Paintings, Pastels, etc. Edited by Charles Holme. Part VIII. Published by the International Studio, 67 Fifth Avenue, New York. 11×17 in. 32 pages. Complete in 8 Parts. Each $1.

In the eighth and last part of this series the editor states that he has aimed to present enough of the present schools of painting and allied arts to give students an insight into the many-sidedness of modern art and the variety of expression of which it is capable. In the choice of subjects he has succeeded admirably, and the articles have been of real interest and value. The most notable illustration in this installment is "An Arab's Head," by Hubert von Herkomer, which is a beautiful example of the Herkomergravure process. Other artists represented are John S. Sargent, E. J. Gregory, Edward Stott, H. Muhrman, and Charles Cattet.

Rhyming Dictionary of the English Language (The). By J. Walker. Revised and Enlarged by J. Longmuir, A.M., LL.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 720 pages. $1.50, net.

It seems as if a rhyming dictionary might be an easy thing to make, but when one takes up the stout volume just issued, an appreciation instantly comes of the immense labor involved. The work will be valuable to rhymesters, of course. It will also interest many who are not, but who are glad to acquaint themselves more thoroughly concerning synonyms and other features of our language. From the publisher's point of view the book is specially commendable in its paper, print, and binding.

Tools and Machines. By Charles Barnard. Illustrated. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 164 pages.

Every young boy loves a box of tools, and every older boy loves some kind of a machine. Mr. Barnard's book will tell boys young and old about tools—a good deal about tools and a little about machines. The book is well printed, well illustrated, and is not too large. It is just the thing for most boys and for some men.

Turgot and the Six Edicts. By Robert Perry Shepherd, Ph.D. (Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law, Columbia University. Vol. XVIII., No. 2.) Columbia University Press (The Macmillan Co.), New York. 6×9½ in. 213 pages. $1.50.

Dr. Shepherd's monograph is one of the most interesting of recent contributions to French history. Turgot was Louis XVI.'s Controller-General of Finance. He was a scholarly philosopher; he was truly, as Dr. Shepherd calls him, the very "embodiment of philanthropic ability." His work has never been properly appreciated, but the present volume will do much toward that end. It will not only make the character of Turgot stand out with greater distinctness on the crowded stage, full of interesting French men and women in Louis XVI.'s period, it will also emphasize the great significance of Turgot's Six Edicts in connection with the events which led up to the French Revolution. Only by such governmental energy, in Turgot's opinion, could the coming Revolution be averted. Radical economic reforms were necessary; their wide-sweeping nature is indicated by the Edicts, which covered the subjects of labor, grain trade, ports and markets, guilds, exchange, and taxes. In addition to this, the Edicts were calculated partly to restore the monarchy to the *de facto* head of the State re-exalted in the hearts of the people, and, as Dr. Shepherd says, "made free from the parasites which were fattening from its already over-weakened vitality." Our author well brings out Turgot's ideal of an impartial government by the king of all his subjects; the nobility were to be recalled to their proper subordination, their perquisites curtailed to the minimum of valid requirements, and the Church was to be regarded not only as a religious but as an economic person, and required to share the burdens of the State. Back of these objectives, as Dr. Shepherd shows, lay the furthering of moral culture both for the individual citizen and for the State. Alas that some elements of human nature—ignorance, prejudice, pride, greed, self-interest above social interest—that these should have stood in Turgot's way! But, after all, these elements are ever to be counted up as stumbling-blocks in the way of any reform.

Works of Charles Lamb (The). Edited by William MacDonald. In 12 vols. Illustrated. Vol. I. **The Essays of Elia.** Vol. II. **The Last Essays of Elia.** E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. $1.50 per vol.

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Correspondence

Wise!

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Please remove my name from your subscription list. When next you publish an article on English affairs, do not give such a bitter partisan view as in "Passive Resistance." S.

[You are very wise. No one should subscribe to The Outlook who is unwilling to read opinions strongly put with which he disagrees.—THE EDITORS.]

Thank You

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I am glad to be able to assist the Spectator [see The Outlook for July 18] and to put him upon the track of what he has lost—and more. "Serendipity" (not "seradipity") is the reported recreation of Mr. Wilfrid Meynell. The word is an attractive one, the more so, perhaps, because of the difficulty in finding out what it means. Having searched dictionaries in vain, I was much pleased to get the following information from Mr. George William Harris, librarian of the Cornell University library: "Serendipity is a word coined by Horace Walpole, meaning the gift or luck of discovering things the finder is not in search of. Walpole says he once read a silly fairy tale called 'The Three Princes of Serendip,' who, as they traveled, were always making discoveries by accident or sagacity of things they were not in search of, and from this he made up the word serendipity. Serendip is said to be an Indian name of Ceylon."

H. K. ARMSTRONG.

Penn Yan, New York.

Fair Play for Nebraska

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have been a reader of The Outlook for several years, and would now like to ask a few questions. Nebraska is the most exclusively agricultural State in the West. It has not even any timber or minerals of any kind. Will you explain how we get any benefit from the high protective tariff? All our surplus of grain, meat, and other products is shipped east, mostly to Europe. If we sell in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston, we have to sell at less than European price. If we buy any manufactured goods made there, we have to pay European prices with tariff and transportation added. Government levies the tariff on foreign goods, and our manufacturers levy nearly the same upon their own goods. Is that just? Ought we not to receive as much above European prices for the product of our labor as we have to pay Eastern manufacturers?

It is claimed that our manufacturers cannot compete with foreign pauper manufacturers. Our farmers have to compete with foreign pauper farmers. Then how can our manufacturers export and sell their goods abroad without tariff protection? Why can they not do the same thing here at home?

H. W. HARDY.

Lincoln, Nebraska.

The Art of Agriculture

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In The Outlook of July 18, in an article by Mr. W. R. Lighton called "Where Is the West?" occurs this astonishing sentence: "It seems not unlikely that agriculture will soon be a lost art in the East." The writer defines the West as extending from Indiana to California, inclusive. This leaves Ohio, half of agricultural Michigan, eastern Kentucky, eastern Tennessee, and the States grouped by the census as North Atlantic and South Atlantic, for the East.

The development of the West has modified agriculture in the East without lessening its importance. The Eastern agriculturist is more and more concerned to supply fresh milk, fruits, and vegetables. Independent of the great increase in Ohio, every Atlantic State, except South Carolina and Georgia, had more milch cows in 1900 than in 1850, and New York had more than any other State in the Union. The Atlantic States have a decreasing surplus in the growth of population, but they still make a creditable showing in staple products per square mile. They reported in 1900, as compared with 1850,

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more grain, over twice as many potatoes, more sweet potatoes, nearly three times as much cotton, over three times the tobacco, and fifty per cent. more hay and forage. Early census reports do not show the product of fruits and vegetables, but something of their recent importance is recorded.

JAMES H. BLODGETT.

Washington, D. C.

Approved and Recommended to Railway Authorities

To the Editors of The Outlook:

While in the waiting-room of a railway station the other day, I had occasion to notice the stock of reading matter carried by the news-stand in one corner of the room. The most conspicuous papers were "police" journals, and the most noticeable books were "The James Brothers" and cheap detective stories—just the type that, according to Mr. Roosevelt in "Ranch Life and Hunting Trail," the typical border outlaw delights in. Within less than one hundred miles of that news-stand within recent years there have been a half-dozen train robberies. There is some connection between literature and life; and it is reasonable to suppose that there is some connection between the sort of literature sold on railway property and train robbery.

Since railway managers are wisely exercising their authority to keep their employees from being contaminated by intoxicants, and even cigarettes, they ought to be too wise to permit the sale within their own jurisdiction of books and papers that not only intoxicate the judgment and numb the moral sensibilities, but certainly lead to train-wrecking, robbery, and murder. Surely, not only in the interest of good citizenship, but in the interest of the railway corporations themselves, the news companies doing business on the road need some attention from headquarters.

A. B. A.

May an Engineer be an Artist?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of July 18, in reviewing Mr. Charles Mulford Robinson's book on "Modern Civic Art," you make the statement that "engineering differs from pure art in that it may not be the child of inspiration; it is an exact science, and, as such, wealth can buy it."

Is it not this view of the engineering profession which is responsible for the fact that so much of the engineer's constructive work is a disfigurement to the landscape? Why should not a bridge, no matter how small, upon a city street receive as much artistic consideration as a mercantile building upon the same street? Usually the former is a much more prominent object than the latter.

The designing engineer has need of artistic inspiration to the same degree as has his architectural brother, and such inspiration is not an exact science, although it may be purchased by wealth.

It appears to the writer that the development of the æsthetic principle in engineering works, so much needed, depends upon the recognition by the public of the fact that the design of æsthetic structures is not and cannot be an exact science.

WILBUR J. WATSON, Bridge Engineer.

Cleveland, Ohio.

[Our correspondent is right in recognizing the value of an artistic sense in making engineering designs. Mr. Robinson does not fail to urge this strongly in his book. In so far as an engineer may have this sense, he has something more than mere science can give to him. But he may be a capable—an able, though not the best—engineer without it. Mr. Robinson, in the quotation cited, gives expression to that condition recognized when it was required that the designs for the new bridges across the East River should be passed upon by the Art Commission, or when the Royal Institute of British Architects protested against the acceptance of a design (faultless in engineering) for a bridge across the Thames, or when an architect and a sculptor were associated with an engineer in the competition for the proposed memorial bridge in Washington—an association that has been notably justified by the recent instance of the Alexander III. Bridge in Paris. It is because so many very good engineers do lack artistic perception that engineering can be said to "differ from pure art in that it 'may' not be the child of inspiration."—THE EDITORS.]

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